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Where sleep the brave on Java's strand,
Thy ardent spirit, Leyden! fled,
And Fame with cypress shades the land,
Where Genius fell, and Valour bled.

When Triumph's tale is westward borne,
On border hills no joy shall gleam:
And thy loved Tiviot long shall mourn
The youthful poet of her stream.

Near Jura's rocks the mermaid's strain,
Shall change from sweet to solemn lay;
For he is gone, the stranger swain,
Who sung the maid of Colonsay.

The hardy tar, Britannia's pride,
Shall hang his manly head in wo:
The bard who told how Nelson died,
With harp unstrung, in earth lies low.

I see a weeping band arise;
I hear sad music on the gale;
Thy dirge is sung from Scotia's skies;
Her mountain sons their loss bewail.

The minstrel of thy native north,
Pours all his soul into the song;
It bursts from near the winding Forth,
And Highland rocks the notes prolong.

Yes, he who struck a matchless lyre,
O'er Flodden's field and Katrine's wave,
With trembling hand now leads the choir,
That mourn his Leyden's early grave.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

WRITTEN IN CHERICAL, MALABAR.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?—
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chéricál's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!—
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.

The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart:—the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! comest thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

SCOTISH

DESCRIPTIVE POEMS;

WITH

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

SCOTISH LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY AND FOR MUNDELL & SON;
AND FOR
LONGMAN & REES, LONDON.

1803.

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TO

MISS ELIZABETH GRAHAM

OF GARTMORE,

AND

MRS. R. FLETCHER,

THIS COLLECTION OF SCARCE AND CURIOUS POEMS

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR MOST DEVOTED AND

SINCERE FRIEND AND SERVANT,

J. LEYDEN.

PREFACE.

THE Poems collected in this Volume are chiefly of the descriptive kind, a species of composition in which Scotish writers very early attained a high reputation. As there was little danger of producing confusion, the compositions have been arranged rather according to their length, than according to the age of their authors, or the periods of their original publication. The Notes which accompany the Poems, are chiefly intended to illustrate localities and obscure allusions. They are not, however, confined solely to this purpose; for in this Volume, the Editor proposed to himself a twofold object: To rescue from oblivion some inedited or scarce Poems, which merited a better fate; and to illustrate some facts of Scotish literary history, which were either obscure, or had escaped general notice. To the latter object attention has been constantly paid, not only in the Notes, but in the Preliminary Observations prefixed to the different

poems. The Editor diſmiſſes this little Volume from his hands with mingled pleaſure and regret; pleaſure, from the recollection of ſeveral agreeable hours ſpent in its arrangement, during the intervals of ſeverer ſtudy; and regret at bidding adieu to the inveſtigation of Scotiſh literary antiquities, a ſubject which he can never expect to reſume.

Edinburgh, December 20. 1802.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

JOHN WILSON.

In the biography of literary men, it is a common obſervation, that a paucity of incidents may be naturally expected in the life of a recluſe ſcholar, whoſe hiſtory is generally comprehended in the account of his productions. Though my materials are ſcanty, I am not inclined to uſe this apology for writing a plain narrative inſtead of a romance; and am content to have ſaved from oblivion a few notices concerning the only loco-deſcriptive poet whom Scotland has produced.

John Wilson, author of "Clyde," was born in the vicinity of Lanark June 30. 1720. He was the youngeſt ſon of William Wilſon, a farmer on the

eſtate of Corehouſe, in the pariſh of Leſmahago. William Wilſon, in imitation of his father, conjoined the occupation of blackſmith with the cultivation of his farm. Before the introduction of the preſent ſyſtem of agriculture, which has nearly extirpated the middle claſs of peaſantry in Scotland, this practice was extremely common among the Scotiſh farmers, but has fallen into diſuſe ſince the abolition of ſmall farms. His youngeſt ſon being precluded, by his feeble and delicate conſtitution, from thoſe occupations which require perſonal vigour, was intended for a learned profeſſion. The debility of his conſtitution, which prevented him from joining in the more active amuſements of youth, did not repreſs the vivacity of his mind; and the quickneſs of apprehenſion which he early diſplayed, attracted the patronage of Mr. Somerville, to whom the eſtate of Corehouſe then belonged. At a period rather later than uſual he was ſent to the grammar ſchool of Lanark, then ably conducted by a Mr. Thomſon, who married the ſiſter of the author of the Seaſons. At this ſeminary his progreſs in literature was uncommonly rapid; and the marks of genius which he exhibited, were viewed with flattering approbation by the gentlemen and the clergymen of the neighbouring diſtricts. But unfortunately his father ſoon afterwards died; and the circumſtances of his mother did not enable her to ſup-

port the expence of his education. He was, therefore, at the age of fourteen, obliged to leave the ſchool of Lanark, and was employed in private tuition till 1746, when he was permanently ſettled as parochial ſchoolmaſter of Leſmahago. The general features of character are commonly impreſſed by the females who tend our infancy, and with whom we aſſociate in early life. It is probable, therefore, that Mr. Wilſon derived many mental advantages from the ſociety of his mother, to which he was longer confined than uſual by his delicate conſtitution. She was a woman of great propriety of conduct, and had received a ſuperior education, which, in her widowhood and decline of life, qualified her for executing the ſemiparental duties of an inſtructreſs of youth. She poſſeſſed a vein of that comic but innocent humour, for which her ſon was afterwards diſtinguiſhed.

On June 14. 1751, Mr. Wilſon married Miſs Agnes Brown, a young woman of amiable manners, and ſenſibility of temper, who became the mother of nine children. His character was now developed, his mind had acquired ſtrength, and his views had aſſumed a determinate direction. The ſituation of ſchoolmaſter was more reſpectable than at preſent, as well as comparatively eaſy in circumſtances. The progreſs of ſociety had not then ſeparated, by ſo wide an interval, the ſituations of the

laborious teacher of youth, and the miniſter of religious inſtruction to more mature age. The ſchoolmaſter formed the connecting link between the miniſter of a pariſh and his pariſhioners, and not unfrequently between the peaſants and the higher claſſes. But the proceſs of tracing and retracing the ſimpleſt elements of learning, has a tendency to limit the range of thought: The habit of maintaining an air of ſuperiority among boys, tends to produce an adventitious aſpect of importance among men; and this habit is ſtiffened into formality, by real ſuperiority to the peaſants in information, and by comparative leiſure for reflection. Among this uſeful claſs of men, therefore, theſe peculiarities are very obſervable; and they are frequently combined with a cauſtic humour, and a ſhrewdneſs of obſervation, which give them a greater zeſt. The facility of mingling with every form of life and manners, from the moſt ſimple and ruſtic to the moſt poliſhed and refined, afforded Mr. Wilſon ſcope for obſervation. He had marked the characteriſtic peculiarities of individuals, unravelled their complex motives of action, and treaſured up a rich fund of anecdote. Diſtinguiſhed for the poignancy of his humour, his ſociety was eagerly courted by every claſs of men. Having improved his taſte by an accurate ſtudy of the ancient models, his poetical efforts began to aſſume a more perfect form, and to be-

come known in a wider circle *. His firſt publication was a Dramatic Eſſay, on the ſubject which he afterwards more fully developed in his tragedy of Earl Douglas. This little work was inſcribed to Archibald Duke of Douglas, and was probably the occaſion of his introduction to that nobleman, the circumſtances of which were rather romantic. On this occaſion, his Grace deſired Mr. Wilſon to ſit down with him and drink a glaſs of wine. After the ſecond glaſs, the Duke aroſe very abruptly, ruſhed into a cloſet, immediately appeared with a brace of piſtols, and with a ſtern countenance walked thrice around the aſtoniſhed bard, who fortunately had ſufficient preſence of mind to ſhow no external ſign of fear. His Grace obſerving no ſymptom of terror in his countenance, calmly replaced the piſtols, ſat down at table, and aſſuming a pleaſant countenance, drank Mr. Wilſon's health, and informed him that this ſingular conduct had been aſſumed to try the firmneſs of his mind, and to diſcover whether he had imbibed the opinion of the Duke's mental derangement, which was

* I am informed by the Rev. Mr. Hall of Leſmahago, that a brother of Mr. Wilſon, by occupation a blackſmith, poſſeſſed likewiſe a poetical turn, and publiſhed ſome ELEGIES, which I have never ſeen. The ſon of this perſon, and nephew of our author, is no contemptible poet.

then currently entertained in the country. In the courſe of converſation, his Grace regretted the neglect of his own education in the early part of his life, expreſſed his eſteem of learning and genius, and warmly offered Mr. Wilſon his intereſt in any way in which he could promote his views. But before any of his proſpects could be realiſed, the death of the Duke of Douglas deprived him of this powerful patronage; and as the care of his riſing family did not allow him to incur any riſk in attempting to extricate himſelf from obſcurity, his merit was left to advance itſelf ſlowly, in his uſeful but unambitious vocation. In this ſituation, however, his poetical pieces were corrected and enlarged; his dramatic eſſay aſſumed the more regular form of a Tragedy; and a deſcriptive ſketch of the rivulet Nethan, was amplified into the poem of "Clyde." His "Earl Douglas," and "Clyde," were printed for the author, by R. Urie at Glaſgow, in 1764, and inſcribed to Margaret Ducheſs of Douglas. The ſame year, his reputation as a claſſical ſcholar introduced him to a more lucrative ſituation, as well as to a more liberal ſpecies of inſtruction, than teaching the children of peaſants their letters and Shorter Catechiſm; and he was invited to Rutherglen, to ſuperintend the education of the ſons of ſome gentlemen who wiſhed their children to enjoy a better education than that borough afforded.

In Rutherglen Mr. Wilſon continued to apply himſelf ardently to the ſtudy of the claſſical models of compoſition, and prepared for the preſs that improved edition of his "Clyde," which is here preſented to the Public. He had even circulated propoſals for the publication of this poem, when he was invited to ſuperintend the grammar ſchool of Greenock in 1767.

I have now to relate a ſingular tranſaction, which I can ſcarcely believe would have taken place in any diſtrict of Scotland, but the Weſt, ſo late as the year 1767. Greenock at this period was a thriving ſeaport, rapidly emerging into notice. In the beginning of laſt century, it conſiſted of a ſingle row of thatched houſes, ſtretching along a bay without any harbour. In 1707, a harbour began to be conſtructed; but the town increaſed ſo ſlowly, that in 1755 its population amounted only to about 3800 ſouls. About the latter period, however, it began to increaſe rapidly, and continued to flouriſh till the commencement of the American war. Still, however, its inhabitants were more remarkable for opulence and commercial ſpirit, than for their attention to literature and ſcience. During the ſtruggle between Prelacy and Preſbytery in Scotland, Greenock, like moſt of the towns and diſtricts of the weſt of Scotland, had imbibed the moſt intolerant ſpirit of preſbyterianiſm; a ſpirit which at no pe-

riod had been favourable to the exertions of poetical fancy, and which ſpent the laſt efforts of its virulence on the Douglas of Home. Induced by this religious ſpirit, and by a cool mercantile attention to prudence, the Magiſtrates and Miniſter of Greenock, before they admitted Mr. Wilſon to the ſuperintendance of the grammar ſchool, ſtipulated that he ſhould abandon "the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." Mr. Wilſon had a beloved wife and a numerous family; the ſituation for which he was a candidate promiſed them a comfortable ſubſiſtence; and the illuſions of fancy vaniſhed before the mild light of affection. To avoid the temptation of violating this promiſe, which he eſteemed ſacred, he took an early opportunity of committing to the flames the greater part of his unfiniſhed manuſcripts. After this, he never ventured to touch his forbidden lyre, though he often regarded it with that mournful ſolemnity, which the harſhneſs of dependence, and the memory of its departed ſounds, could not fail to inſpire. Sometimes, indeed, when the converſation of former friends reſtored the vivacity of theſe recollections, he would careleſsly pour out ſome extemporaneous rhymes; but the fit paſſed away; and its fleeting nature palliated the momentary tranſgreſſion.

He ſeems during life to have conſidered this as the criſis of his fate, which condemned him to ob-

ſcurity; and ſometimes alluded to it with acrimony. In a letter to his ſon George, attending the Univerſity of Glaſgow, dated January 21. 1779, he ſays, "I once thought to live by the breath of fame: But how miſerably was I diſappointed, when, inſtead of having my performance applauded in crowded theatres, and being careſſed by the great —for what will not a poetaſter, in the intoxicating delirium of poſſeſſion, dream!—I was condemned to bawl myſelf to hoarſeneſs among wayward brats, to cultivate ſand, and waſh Ethiopians, for all the dreary days of an obſcure life, the contempt of ſhopkeepers and brutiſh ſkippers."

The feelings of a mind glowing with poetical enthuſiaſm on ſuch an occaſion, are ſo beautifully expreſſed by a poet who unites with ſingular felicity picturesque imagery and pathetic ſentiment, that I cannot reſiſt the deſire of tranſcribing the paſſage:

Bereave me not of Fancy's ſhadowy dreams,
Which won my heart, or when the gay career
Of life begun, or when at times a tear
Sat ſad on Memory's cheek—though loftier themes
Await the awakened mind, to the high prize
Of wiſdom hardly earned with toil and pain,
Aſpiring patient, yet on life's wide plain
Left fatherleſs, where many a wanderer ſighs
Hourly, and oft our road is lone and long,
'Twere not a crime, ſhould we a while delay
Amid the ſunny field; and happier they,
Who, as they journey, woo the charm of ſong,

> To cheer their way, till they forget to weep,
> And the tired ſenſe is huſhed and ſinks to ſleep *.

When I firſt became acquainted with this tranſaction, my curioſity was excited concerning the names of the principal agents. I wiſhed to know to what ſpecies of fame they aſpired; and to learn whether they had cauſed their names to be inſcribed on any ſpecies of monument or public work. But, on reflection, it ſeemed better to leave them in that oblivion which they ſeem to have ſo ſedulouſly courted.

In juſtice to the preſent inhabitants of Greenock, it is proper to ſtate, that ſince the period to which I allude, an important change has occurred in their manners and taſte. The preſent Magiſtrates are diſtinguiſhed by their public ſpirit and attention to literature; and to one of them, a favourite pupil of Mr. Wilſon, the editor of this edition of "Clyde," is indebted for ſome of the materials employed in the Biographical Sketch of the Author.

From the period of Mr. Wilſon's appointment as maſter of the grammar ſchool of Greenock, he devoted himſelf ſolely to the duties of his function; and the evening of his life was calmly paſſed in the ſocial intercourſe of his friends, who were numerous and reſpectable, and in the enjoyment of domeſtic

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* Bowles' Poems, Vol. II. p. 66.

tranquillity. The claſſical department of the ſchool was under his immediate direction, and the mathematical was conducted by a Mr. Nichols. As a public teacher, his character was highly reſpectable: He always preferred lenient to coercive meaſures; and from the gentleneſs of his diſpoſition, and his aſſiduity in teaching, his memory is ſtill cheriſhed by his pupils with fondneſs and veneration. In ſchool, he had more the appearance of a father inſtructing his children, than of a maſter preſiding among his ſcholars; and for the laſt years during which he taught, the increaſing infirmities of age induced him to truſt ſolely to the affection of his pupils, for maintaining order and ſubordination. Nor did he find his confidence miſplaced; for at no time did they obey him more implicitly, or apply more aſſiduouſly to their ſtudies. Two years before his death, which happened on June 2. 1789, the increaſing debility of his conſtitution induced him to retire from the duties of his office on the united ſalaries of ſchool-maſter and ſeſſion-clerk; but the reſpectful attention of his pupils was continued to the cloſe of his life.

In his domeſtic character, Mr. Wilſon was gentle and affectionate. He cultivated the minds of his children with aſſiduous care, and early inſtilled into them the precepts of ſublime morality, and thoſe feelings of devotion with which he himſelf was

deeply impreſſed. He was accuſtomed to loſe no opportunity for their inſtruction. Aſtronomy was one of his favourite purſuits; and as ſome of them, while young, ſlept on a little bed in the ſame chamber with their parents, in a clear and quiet night he frequently renewed the converſations which he had previouſly held, concerning the courſe and motions of the ſtars that paſſed the uncurtained window of his apartment. On Sunday evenings he was wont to make his daughter read the Engliſh Scriptures aloud to the family, while he amuſed himſelf with comparing the original with the tranſlation. In domeſtic worſhip, it was cuſtomary for him to read an extemporaneous verſion of the Septuagint, or New Teſtament, inſtead of uſing the Engliſh tranſlation. In religion, he adhered to the tenets of the moderate party in the church of Scotland. His eldeſt ſon James, a young man of more than ordinary abilities, diſplayed a fine taſte for both poetry and drawing, and, like his father, poſſeſſed an uncommon ſhare of humour. He went to ſea; and after diſtinguiſhing himſelf in ſeveral naval engagements, was killed, October 11. 1776, in an action on Lake Champlaine; in which his conduct received ſuch approbation from his commanding officer, that a ſmall penſion was granted by Government to his father. George, who died at the age of 21 years, was diſtinguiſhed for his taſte

and claſſical erudition, as well as his poetical talents. John, who lately died in the Weſt Indies, was a young man of great activity in his profeſſion, and poſſeſſed of much mercantile knowledge. His only ſurviving child is his daughter Violet, the wife of Mr. Robert Wilſon, ſhipmaſter, Greenock; a lady to whoſe intelligence and candour I am indebted for the greater part of the materials of this Memoir.

The ſhort intervals of vacation which Mr. Wilſon enjoyed, were generally occupied in viſiting his literary friends in the country. No man had a higher reliſh for ſocial intercourſe, and few perſons were qualified for ſupporting a more conſpicuous part in it. His diſpoſition was gay and good-humoured; his manner was animated and jocular; and his converſation had a peculiar zeſt from its originality He poſſeſſed an inexhauſtible fund of anecdotes and ſtories characteriſtic of life and manners; theſe he introduced as they originated ſpontaneouſly from the ſubject of converſation, and related with a high degree of humour and comic effect. The Scotiſh nation is generally reckoned deficient in comic humour by their ſouthern neighbours; but this is a part of national character, concerning which a ſtranger is ſeldom qualified to form a correct judgment. The quality of humour can ſcarcely be defined; but it evidently depends ſo much on the nice

diſcrimination of minute and local peculiarities of manners, and the individual forms of expreſſion adapted to theſe, that its moſt exquiſite efforts muſt be loſt on thoſe who are not familiar with the various ſhades of dialect. In the ſixteenth century, while Scotland had yet a capital, and while its language had not yet dwindled into a vulgar dialect, the Scotiſh poets excelled particularly in humour. Has this quality, therefore, vaniſhed with the dignity of our popular dialect, or has its ſource been exhauſted by our predeceſſors? What Scotſman, familiar with the popular language and manners of his country, will for a moment admit the ſuppoſition; will not immediately perceive that it is contradicted by numerous inſtances in his own experience? In the laſt century, the poets Ramſay, Roſs, Ferguſon, and Burns, all excelled in this verſatile and almoſt indeſcribable quality. In novel writing, Smollett poſſeſſed it in an eminent degree. But it is true, that in polite companies a Scotſman is prohibited, by the imputation of vulgarity, from uſing the common language of the country, in which he expreſſes himſelf with moſt eaſe and vivacity, and, clothed in which, his earlieſt and moſt diſtinct impreſſions always ariſe to his own mind. He uſes a ſpecies of tranſlation, which checks the verſatility of fancy, and reſtrains the genuine and ſpontaneous flow of his conceptions. Mr. Wilſon's humour, as well as his dialect, was

native Scotiſh; and hence it might ſometimes be little reliſhed by an Engliſhman, when it afforded the moſt exquiſite pleaſure to his Scotiſh friends. He was a Scotſman of that genuine old claſs, which ſeems now to be nearly extinct; who blended with their characteriſtic plainneſs of ſpeech and manners, the taſte of the ſcholar, and the information of the man of the world; a combination rendered only more intereſting by the veil of apparent ruſticity by which it was concealed. "He was," ſays Profeſſor Richardſon of Glaſgow, "a worthy character, of unaffected plainneſs, but not vulgarity of manners."

Mr. Wilſon muſt be regarded as a man of ſelf-inſtructed genius. He did not receive a regular education, but he became an excellent claſſical ſcholar, in ſpite of the impediments of fortune, and the diſadvantages of ſituation. He was familiarly acquainted with the Greek, Latin, and French authors; he read German and Italian with facility, and was not unacquainted with Hebrew. The death of almoſt all his intimate friends has deſtroyed the ſources from which a particular account of his ſtudies and literary habits might have been derived; while the only ſurvivor of his nine children was precluded, by her ſex and youth, from acquiring a correct notion of her father's literary purſuits in the more auſtere departments of learning or ſcience. The poetical wri-

ters of antiquity, eſpecially the Grecian, attracted his chief admiration. Of Dryden's Virgil he was quite enamoured; and he was accuſtomed to read ſelect paſſages of it to his favourite pupils. Perhaps the influence of this partiality may be perceived in his verſification. At one period he appears to have been greatly addicted to metaphyſical ſpeculations; for in an elegiac fragment, compoſed on the death of a valued friend, he enumerates ſome of the topics of their common ſtudies, and relates that, in the receſſes of the green hills of Braid, they had often

> Sought, whence the ſpring of every human care;
> If ſelf engroſs, or ſocial paſſions ſhare;
> If free ſelf-motion actuate the will,
> Or ruling force of good determine ſtill;
> If only pleaſure is by virtue fought,
> Or moral beauty fires the enraptured thought.

The American war, which commenced ſoon after Mr. Wilſon's ſettlement in Greenock, met with great diſapprobation in the trading towns of the weſt of Scotland; and he ſeems to have imbibed the prevailing ſentiment; for the letter to his ſon George, which I have already quoted, incloſed the following poetical ſketch, which has the appearance of being a rapid extemporaneous effuſion:

When Epicurus' rules great Athens charm'd,
Fair Virtue's flame no more her bofom warm'd,
Immers'd in foftnefs, pleafure ftill fhe craves,
And makes her ally-iflanders her flaves;
Till heaven's red bolt from an avenging hand,
Launched by Lyfander, fcathed the oppreffive land:
So we, renowned to the moft diftant climes,
For rapine, tyranny, and glaring crimes;
Who boaft of freedom, yet enthral the free,
Are never felfifh, yet engrofs the fea;
Void of religion, though afraid of fhame,
Whofe barren faith is but an empty name;
By God forfaken, whom each lordling braves,
Are mocked and baffled by our outcaft flaves.

The circumftances which gave rife to his principal works, and the eras of their compofition, are unknown. The fragments found among his remaining papers, feem chiefly to have been rapid effufions on temporary fubjects, or juvenile paraphrafes of paffages of Scripture with which he had been ftruck. Among the latter may be enumerated, Tranflations of Buchanan's 104th Pfalm, of the Song of Mofes, Exodus XV., the Song of Habbakuk, Habbakuk III., and a Poetical Verfion of the Apologue of the Prodigal Son, the verfification of which is executed in a correct and accurate manner. The reputation of his poetical verfions of Scripture, induced a member of the committee appointed by the General Aflembly in 1775, for preparing a collection of Scriptural

Paraphrafes for the pfalmody of the Scotiſh church, to requeſt his aſſiſtance " to metre ſome piece of Scripture, in the plaineſt and moſt ſimple manner, obſerving as much as poſſible the language, but particularly the ſentiments of the portion," in order that he might " contribute to public worſhip for many ſucceeding ages." To this propoſal Mr. Wilſon ſeems not to have acceded, being probably deterred by his engagement with the Magiſtrates of Greenock. The collection of Paraphraſes, though very unequal in merit, has been completed with ſome credit to the committee. The moſt poetical verſions are the compoſition of the late Mr. Logan of Leith; but in his poems, where pſalmody is not the immediate object, ſome of them appear in a more perfect form. A ſatirical poem intitled, " A Panegyric on the Town of Paiſley," was likewiſe attributed to the pen of Wilſon; but it is uncertain if he ever fully acknowledged it.

The deſtruction of his manuſcripts, and his total dereliction of poetry, are much to be regretted, as his mind ſeems to have been of that improving kind, which, gradually retracing its own ſteps with multiplied and reiterated efforts, corrects, poliſhes, and refines; adds where the texture of the compoſition is abrupt, compreſſes where it is redundant, removes what offends taſte, and thus evolves a beauty in its due form and proportion.

His "Earl Douglas," as we have mentioned, was only an evolution of his Dramatic Eſſay; his "Clyde" was only an expanſion of his deſcriptive poem, the Nethan. The Dramatic Eſſay is evidently the work of an author unpractiſed in compoſition: The meaſure of the verſe is languid and proſaic, the ſtyle flat and unpoetical, and the conduct of the drama unſkilful and inartificial. In the advertiſement prefixed, the author obſerves, that he is leſs unwilling to incur the cenſure of critics, than to ſtrain hiſtorical facts. He is apprehenſive that the moral reflections may be thought too numerous; but declares, that he conſiders it as a more pardonable error to exceed, than to be deficient in a decent regard to morality and religion. This regard for morality and religion has induced him to ſubjoin an after-ſcene to the cataſtrophe, for the expreſs purpoſe of ſuggeſting moral reflections; an amiable purpoſe, for the ſake of which many authors have injured their compoſitions, without improving their readers. The proper moral of a drama is to excite vivid virtuous emotions in the heart, not to exhibit a demonſtration of ſome abſtract principle of morality. In the Dramatic Eſſay, the characters are neither ſufficiently various nor ſufficiently marked. Livingſton and Crichton are ſimilar in character and ſimilar in conduct, unprincipled courtiers, twin-

brothers in political intrigue. The extreme youth of Earl Douglas, Sir David his brother, and James their ſovereign, does not admit of the developement of their ſeveral characters.

Many of theſe defects are corrected in "Earl Douglas, a Tragedy." The ſtyle poſſeſſes more dignity and energy, the characters are more ſtrongly marked, the ſubordinate incidents more ſkilfully arranged, and the conduct of the whole drama rendered more intereſting. The after-ſcene is judiciouſly retrenched; but the moral reflections interſperſed are ſtill ſufficiently numerous. The deſcription of paſſion is frequently ſubſtituted for the expreſſion of genuine feeling. This fault was to be expected in a young writer, practiſed in deſcriptive poetry; in which ſpecies of compoſition, the habits of mind which fit a perſon for excellence, are extremely different from thoſe which enable him to exhibit dramatic characters ſucceſsfully. Earl Douglas, the principal character, diſplays a lofty ſpirit of patriotiſm, blended with ambition and the pride of anceſtry; but the part he acts is not ſufficiently conſpicuous to rouſe powerful ſympathy; and when he falls, it is rather the ſenſe of injuſtice, than particular intereſt in the hero, which excites our indignation againſt the authors of his fate. Some intereſting ſituations, however, occur, as when the reſcue

is attempted, and "the march of Douglas" heard at a diſtance; and in the following paſſages, the ſpirit of a young feudal chief is ably pourtrayed:

CHANCELLOR.

This ponderous blade bears deep undoubted ſigns
Of long hard ſervice to your valiant ſires.

DOUGLAS.

Thrice twenty times with this, the good Sir James
Returned triumphant from the glorious field.
At Annand, Halidon, and Otterburn,
And many a field in Britain and in France,
It ſtrewed the plains with heaps of Scotia's foes.
From ſires ſo brave deſcended, now from me,
It loudly claims the like illuſtrious deeds.

When urged to ſave his life, by giving his ſiſter in marriage to the Chancellor's ſon, he replies in the ſame ſtyle,

When men recount the heroes of the name,
The valiant Sholto, and the good Sir James;
William the hardy; William flower of chivalry,
Undaunted Tineman, my unyielding ſire;
The daring Douglas, ſlain at Otterburn,
Whoſe name, when dead, brought victory from the ſkies——
In ſuch a liſt to be deſign'd, the ſoft
Faint-hearted William, whom ſoft female tears
Melted to bow before his treacherous foe,
And proſtitute his ſiſter——
The daſtard Douglas, who ſurviv'd his honour,
The firſt of all his race who fear'd to die——

After the reign of Bruce, no Scotiſh clan ever attained ſuch power as the Douglaſſes, or acquired ſuch popularity on the marches. They united, in an eminent degree, feudal pomp with martial bravery; and in England and France their fame was as great as in Scotland. A popular proverbial verſe, preſerved by Hume of Godſcroft, runs thus:

> So many, ſo good, as of the Douglaſſes have been,
> Of one ſirname were ne'er in Scotland ſeen.

The lofty and daring ſpirit of the race is well delineated by our author:

> ——The blood of Douglas
> Can only join with heroes of its kind,
> Who, to the dance, prefer the painful march;
> Deep midnight ſtudies, to the late amour;
> And honours torn from foes, to ladies favours;
> Whoſe manly face becomes the creſted helm;
> Whoſe agile limbs in maſſy armour move,
> And fearleſs as the bold war-horſe he rides,
> Dares thunder through the iron ranks of war.

The court of Douglas might long have vied in magnificence with that of the kings of Scotland; and the chief enumerated among his vaſſals many clans that afterwards roſe to eminence and power, on the ruins of the family. The paſſage which delineates the plenitude of this power, exhibits a curious feudal picture:

——The South and Weſt attend Lord Douglas' call.

CHANCELLOR.

The grandeur of that lofty houſe you know;
His ſtrong allies; the chieftains of the name;
His ſtrengths, and wide domains; his daring leagues
With kings abroad, and king-like lords at home;—
His court I viewed; I mingled with his train,
Which ſwells in thouſands for his daily ſtate;
Squires, knights and lords, crowding from every wind,
Conducted him to town. Here ſplendid rode
The ever-famous Keiths; there mighty Humes;
The graceful Hepburns, and the noble Hays;
The valiant Seton, and the worthy Ker;
The bold Dunbar, with generous Ramſay came,
The potent Scot, and Graham of high deſcent.

LIVINGSTON.

Heavens! what a liſt of peers—to attend a traitor!

CHANCELLOR.

Well, I ſhall paſs the flower of Annandale,
By Johnſton led, and thoſe that drink the Nith,
With Maxwell bold, Montgomery, Cunningham,
And Boyd, with weſtland lords; young Kennedy,
The couſin of our king; the Somerville,
And Hamilton, with Clydeſdale's gallant chiefs.
The brave Carmichael bore the ſpear he broke
Unhorſing Clarence, on his creſt diſplayed,
When conquering England firſt ſtood checked in France.

LIVINSGTON.

Say in a word, the whole of Scotiſh peers
Attend a rebel boy.

CHANCELLOR.

Let me but mark
The mightieſt of the name; the ſage Dalkeith,
Great Angus, Abercorn, and princely Nithſdale.

LIVINGSTON.

Hell! I can hear no more——Douglas is king,
And rebels all our lords, who prop his pride.

CHANCELLOR.

Had you but ſeen their grandeur, as they march'd
On neighing ſteeds, which trod the earth with ſcorn;
And marked what dignity their brows adorned!
O'er all the reſt, a daring lofty air
The Douglaſſes diſtinguiſhed!—valiant name———
The clan is numerous, daring, true, and ſteady,
Their chief, young, vigorous, liberal, brave, and popular.

This preſents no unfaithful picture of the power and magnificence of Douglas, and characteriſes happily the ſpirit of the clan. The fall of Douglas was lamented in rude but energetic ſtrains by his followers. The firſt verſe of one of theſe, which relates to the ſubject of this drama, is preſerved by Hume of Godſcroft in his hiſtory of Douglas:

Edinburgh-caſtle, town, and tower,
God grant thou ſink for ſin;
And that even for the black dinner
Earl Douglas got therein *.

The popularity of the family was not deſtroyed by this proſcription; but their misfortunes ſeem rather to have endeared their memory to the common people. In their flouriſhing ſtate, the ſuperiority of

* Hume of Godſcroft's Hiſtory of Douglas, Vol. I. p. 288.

their power repreſſed the feuds of the inferior clans, and preſented a formidable front to the incurſions of England; and they were recollected only as the preſervers of ſocial order, and the defenders of their country. The compoſition of this drama is one of the lateſt tributes of popular opinion to the name of Douglas; for the choice of the ſubject was ſuggeſted by the traditions of Clydeſdale.

The poem "Clyde" ſeems to have been the favourite production of our author, and the compoſition, in the correction of which he beſtowed the greateſt labour. "Nethan," the original ſketch which he expanded into "Clyde," conſiſts of 626 verſes. The verſification is generally feeble, the rhymes often incorrect, and the diſpoſition of the topics injudicious: It has all the ſtiffneſs, as well as the incorrectneſs of a firſt production.

> The firſt eſſays in verſe are rudely writ,
> The numbers rough, and unchaſtiſed the wit.

"Clyde," the ſecond form which it aſſumed, in the edition of 1764, extends to above 1000 lines, and in this edition to nearly double that number. Even in its preſent form, it never received the finiſhing hand of the author, whoſe engagement with the Magiſtrates of Greenock prevented him from completing it. The manuſcript which has been chiefly uſed in

this edition, contains many large blanks, many cancelled paſſages, and many rude ſketches too incorrect for publication. Many paſſages, too, have been ſo enfeebled by expanſion, that they have loſt the air of originality which they poſſeſſed in the early copies. Welſted obſerves, that "works of originality differ from imitations, as fruits brought to maturity by artificial fires differ from thoſe that are ripened by the natural heat of the ſun, and the indulgence of a kindly climate *." The ſame difference is frequently found between the ſpontaneous effuſions of an author's genius, and thoſe laborious reviſals which loſe in eaſe and ſpirit what they gain in correctneſs. In Wilſon's laſt manuſcript, the expanſion of the original is often equally injurious to the correctneſs of the language, and the accuracy of the deſcription. In preparing this edition for the preſs, the enlarged but incorrect manuſcript has been carefully collated with the edition of 1764, and with the manuſcript ſketch of Nethan; and thoſe various readings have been uniformly ſelected, which appeared to be moſt poetical and congruous with the context. This account of the edition offers the beſt apology for the imperfect or Scotiſh rhymes which ſometimes occur in the poem, the

* Welſted's Works, 1787, p. 141.

indiſtinct delineation of ſeveral ſcenes, and the harſh unmuſical lines which ſometimes mar the moſt vigorous paſſages; and to uſe the expreſſion of Welſted,

Mix the Scotch thiſtle with the Engliſh bays.

The verſification, however, is generally correct, and flows with much of the eaſe of Dryden; though the aſperity of the proper names, which the author has often found it impoſſible to mould to harmony, ſometimes approximates it to the harſhneſs of Blackmore. The want of dignity in many of theſe names, has ſometimes rendered it difficult to avoid the burleſque. This is a circumſtance which renders loco-deſcriptive poetry peculiarly difficult, and ſuggeſts one of the probable cauſes why it has been ſo little attempted in Scotland. Many proper names in Scotland are ſignificant in the Scotiſh dialect, and have a ludicrous effect when introduced into an Engliſh compoſition. Wilſon's Clyde is the firſt Scotiſh loco-deſcriptive poem of any merit, and it is ſtill the only national one of the ſpecies. In the early part of laſt century was publiſhed "Don," a loco-deſcriptive poem, equally devoid of merit in ſentiment and in verſification. The author has attempted to adorn it with ſome flowers of antiquity; but they withered in his rude unſkilful graſp. In 1797, a garbled edition of this poem was publiſhed at Aberdeen, by a

ſchoolmaſter named Charles Dawſon, who, becauſe he had added ſome ſuperficial notes, has, by a ſkilful ſpecies of plagiariſm, claimed the whole poem. During the laſt century, ſome loco-deſcriptive ſketches were publiſhed in the Scotiſh Magazines, but without acquiring even a temporary reputation. In England, however, ſince Denham's Cooper's Hill, various models have been produced, in this ſpecies of compoſition; which are enumerated by Dr. J. Warton in his edition of Pope's Works.

The fundamental ſubject of the local poem, as Dr. Johnſon properly obſerves, is ſome particular landſcape, to be poetically deſcribed, with the addition of ſuch embelliſhments as may be ſupplied by hiſtorical retroſpection or incidental meditation *. The ſubject which Wilſon propoſed to himſelf, has the merit of unity; a merit in which the greater part of deſcriptive poems are extremely defective. He deſcribes the courſe of the Clyde, delineates the various ſcenes which it preſents, and diverſifies his narrative by hiſtorical alluſions, ſuggeſted by the particular ſcenes which he deſcribes. The courſe of the river Clyde pointed out a natural and perſpicuous arrangement of the different ſcenes; a quality in which the local poem is generally defective, as it is

* Johnſon's Life of Denham, ap. Lives of the Engliſh Poets.

difficult to diſcover, in many landſcapes, a point from which the deſcription commences better than from another. The epiſodes are frequently intereſting, and ariſe naturally from the deſcription; but they ſometimes attract our attention too much from the principal ſubject. The influence of the central fire, to uſe the expreſſion of Laharpe *, which ought to pervade the poem, to combine its different epiſodes in one general deſign, and to predominate in all its parts, is not always perceptible in the various digreſſions. The hiſtorical alluſions refer to the Scotiſh hiſtory, as detailed by Fordun, Boethius, Major, and Buchanan. In this edition of Clyde, the topics of general deſcription are more ſkilfully connected with particular ſcenery than in that of 1764, and blend more eaſily with the localities of the poem. His deſcriptions of rural ſcenes and occupations are always true to nature, and often diverſified by ſtriking and picturesque touches. He never appears as a ſervile imitator, though ſeveral of his topics had been anticipated by Somerville and Thomſon; as fox-hunting, ſtag-hunting, hay-making, reaping, the muſic of birds, and the production of inſects. In various other topics he may be advantageouſly compared with later deſcriptive poets.

* Laharpe's Lycée, Vol. VIII. p. 317.

Thus, his characteriſtic deſcription of foreſt trees, may be compared with that of Giſborne in his WALKS IN A FOREST:

Chief of the glade, the oak, its foliage ſtained
With tender olive and pale brown, protrudes.—
Even yet with ruddy ſpoils, from autumn won,
Loaded, the beech its lengthened buds untwines.
Its knotted bloom ſecured, the aſh puts forth
Its winged leaf; the hawthorn wraps its boughs
In ſnowy mantle; from the vivid greens
That ſhine around, the holly, winter's pride,
Recedes abaſhed; the willow, in yon vale,
Its ſilver lining to the breeze upturns;
And ruſtling aſpens ſhiver by the brook.

GISBORNE.

How wide his arms the ſtately aſh extends;
The plane's thick head mid burning day ſuſpends
Impenetrable ſhade; bees humming pour
O'er the broad balmy leaves, and ſuck the flower.
Green ſhoots the fir his ſpiry point on high;
And fluttering leaves on trembling aſpens ſigh.
With haughtier air behold the oak aſcend,
Too proud before an angry heaven to bend;
His leaves unſhaken, winter's force defy;
He ſhades a field, and heaves a wood on high;
Glories in ſtubborn ſtrength when tempeſts roar,
And ſcorns to yield, ſave to the thunder's power.

WILSON.

In the localities of deſcription, where the ſubject admits of vivid contraſt or pictureſque delineation,

Wilſon frequently exhibits both energy and diſcrimination. The dark majeſty of Tinto, the towering grandeur of Ailſa, the falls of the Clyde, which in an uncommon degree, unite ſublimity and pictureſque beauty, were ſubjects calculated to excite the enthuſiaſm of poetical fancy; but many of the names which occur in "Clyde," would have found a more appropriate place in topography than in poetry. The ſtyle of deſcription which he employs, conſiſts rather in the accurate enumeration of particular objects, than in the expreſſion of the mental feelings which they are fitted to inſpire. Inſtead of deſcribing the effect of a ſcene on the mind of the obſerver, he delineates, piece by piece, the different parts of which it is compoſed. For this reaſon, his enumerations of objects ſometimes preſent an obſcure or a confuſed picture; his groupes are ſilent and dead; and from his delineations of natural objects, we feel not the emotions with which the view of nature affects us. Sometimes, however, his verſes preſent not the mere delineation of a ſcene, but the deſcription of a perſon obſerving a ſcene, whoſe mind reflects, like a mirror, the objects with which he is ſurrounded, and receives the character and colouring with which they are inveſted. Whether we regard his verſification, or facility of delineating natural objects, Wilſon ranks high as a local-deſcriptive poet. He cannot, indeed, aſpire to

the higheſt degree of excellence; but the preſent age, more juſt to deceaſed poets than that in which they lived, delights in reviving the fame which had been obſcured by the blaze of ſuperior reputation. It is to writers of this claſs that we owe the formation of a great part of poetical phraſeology, and the introduction of many new images into poetry. They provide the rough materials, which are moulded into form by a ſuperior genius, as the moſt magnificent cities have riſen from the ruins of towns leſs ſplendid.

CLYDE;

A POEM.

PART I.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

Invocation—Inſcription of the poem to Lady Hynd-ford—Riſe of Clyde—Addreſs to Tweed and Annan—Lead-mines—Flocks—Morning—Shepherd life, in theſe diſtricts, compared with that of Arcadia—Bagbie, Lamington, Lockhart-hall, with alluſions to family hiſtory—Appearance of the different kinds of grain—Clyde compared to Britannia's king ſurrounded by his vaſſals—The Sower—Dangers to which the ſeed is expoſed—Generation of Inſects—Mowers—Reapers—Tinto.—Douglas Caſtle—Legend concerning it—Origin of the Clan Douglas—Origin of Somerville——Falls of the Clyde—Lanark—Peaceful regulations of Kenneth—Death of the wife of Wallace by Hazelrig—Alluſion to the battle of Agricola and Galgacus—Lockhart—Stonebyres—Origin of the family of Vere—Appearances of foreſt and fruit trees—Muſic of birds—Noon—Thunder-ſtorm—Craignethan—Dalſerf—Dalziel—Avondale—Chattelherault—Hamilton—Account of the family of Hamilton—Fox-hunting—Stag-hunting—Spawning of ſalmon—Scotiſh biſon—Bothwell, the ancient ſeat of the Murrays—Alluſion to the battle of Bothwell-bridge—Calder—Woodhall, the ſeat of Campbell of Iſla.

CLYDE;

A POEM.

THY arching groves, O CLYDE, thy fertile plains,
Thy towns and villas, claim my filial ſtrains.
Ye Powers! who o'er theſe winding dales preſide,
Who ſhake the woods, who roll the river's tide;
Who wake the ſylvan ſong, whoſe pencils pour
The forms of beauty o'er each painted flower;
Inſpire the numbers, let the verſe diſplay
The charms that grace the imitative lay.
When gently flows the ſtream, then let the ſong
In ſofteſt, eaſieſt numbers glide along:
When ſwell'd with rains, o'er rocks it rages fierce,
Swell, rage, and roar, and thunder in my verſe.
And thou! to whom indulgent Heaven conſigned
The power to bleſs, the fair angelic mind;

Formed thy ſoft breaſt to melt at human woe,
Generous to cheriſh worth, and wiſe to know;
Each finer paſſion of the breaſt to move,
To awe with virtue, and inſpire with love;
With native goodneſs all mankind to charm;
With love thy noble HYNDFORD's ſoul to warm;
This tribute of a humble muſe regard,
Who ſcorns to flatter, or to court reward;
Who, proud to mark with partial eye the fair,
Still makes their virtue, and their charms her care;
But chiefly joys to pour her peaceful ſtrains
On CLYDE's delightful banks and fruitful plains.

From one vaſt mountain burſting on the day,
Tweed, Clyde, and Annan urge their ſeparate way.
To Anglia's ſhores bright Tweed and Annan run,
That ſeeks the riſing, this the ſetting ſun;
Where raged the Border war, and either flood
Now bluſhed with Scotiſh, now with Engliſh blood;
Both lands by turns their heroes loſt deplore:
But bleſt Britannia knows theſe woes no more.

CLYDE far from ſcenes of ſtrife and horror fled,
And through more peaceful fields his waters led:
But ere he iſſued from their deep abodes,
He ſagely thus addreſſed his brother floods:

" Full well you know the imperial mandate given,
His ſalutary law who rules in heaven!
That, haſting hence, our waters ſeek the day,
And from a thouſand fountains force their way,
Pour on the plain, and genial moiſture yield
To verdant paſture, and to golden field;
Nurſe the fair flowers which on our margins riſe,
And foreſts proud which ſweep the lofty ſkies;
See populous cities on our banks extend,
And through their crowded gates their thouſands ſend;
Feel mighty fleets on our fair boſoms ride,
Loading with war or wealth our labouring tide;
Round ſpacious iſlands ſtretch our ſilver arms,
And in our caverns feed the ſcaly ſwarms.
Then in the ocean poured, our journey run,
Forced by rude winds, or courted by the ſun,
Our waters, from the brine, diſdainful riſe,
Through air aſpire, and ſail along the ſkies;
On deluged plain, or parched paſture pour
In ſounding tempeſt, or in ſilent ſhower;
Adorn the fields, mature the golden grain,
And blot from fields of death the ſanguine ſtain;
Or load with lowring miſts the mountain's brow,
Sink through the ſoil, and feed the ſprings below;

Or, darkly from the bottom of the deep,
Along the beds of ſand in ſilence creep;
Through earth's dark veins work out their winding way,
And freſh to light from countleſs fountains play.
Heaven's generous purpoſe let us glad aſſiſt,
For general good. To yield is to be bleſt."
The river ſaid; and with impetuous force
Rent the huge hills, and ruſhed along his courſe.
Along his infant ſtream, on either ſide
The lofty hills, in clouds, their ſummits hide;
In whoſe vaſt bowels, treaſured dark and deep,
Exhauſtleſs mines of lead in ſecret ſleep.
But man, audacious man! whoſe ſtubborn pride
Free gifts diſdains, and longs for all denied,
Mid central earth, bids hardy hands combine
To drag the metal from its parent mine;
Which, forc'd to light, forms the deſtructive ball,
At whoſe dire touch, fleets ſink, and armies fall;
Seas bluſh with blood, while floats the crimſon field;
Walls ſink to duſt, to rapine cities yield.
Nor death alone to fated realms it brings;
It to the ciſtern guides the diſtant ſprings;
The lofty palace, or the temples crowns,
Or, raiſed on high, a ſage or hero frowns.

Yet, mortals, fear the firſt of crimes, be wiſe ;
Prize what Heaven gives, forbear what Heaven denies ;
Who numerous flocks o'er every mountain pours,
And makes the fleece and harmleſs bearer yours ;
Burdened with milk, o'er all the hills they bleat,
Or, clad with wool, they crop the paſture ſweet.

His gloſſy ſilks let the ſoft Indian ſhow,
Or boaſt his cotton white as flickering ſnow ;
Boaſt we the fleece, as downy cotton fair,
Outſhining every dye his ſilk can wear.

When Lucifer, unrivall'd, marks his way
Through fainting ſtars, to uſher in the day ;
And ſoft-awakening morn, ſerenely bright,
Pours from her opening eyes the ſilver light ;
Leſs huge the hills, the ſteeps leſs dreadful ſeem,
O'er dewy valleys ſhoots a ſilver gleam ;
Brighter and wider dart the reddening rays,
Till the pale ſtars expire amidſt the blaze,
And all the eaſt, the veil of clouds unroll'd,
Flames bright in purple and celeſtial gold.

Then glorious as a hero dreſt for war,
Forth iſſues Phœbus in his radiant car ;
Inflames the heavens, and ruſhing on his way,
O'erflows the world with blazing boundleſs day.

Each bluſhing flower, ting'd cloud, and gilded field,
In various luſtres grateful tributes yield.
Glad ſwarm the inſects forth, the fiſhes play,
The cattle wanton, mankind bleſs his ray.
Healthful and gay, the ſhepherd leaves his reſt,
As early morn firſt ſtreaks the ruddy eaſt;
His dogs attending, bounds the mountains o'er;
Explores, collects, and counts his fleecy ſtore;
Then tunes his pipe, and with a cheerful lay
Joins the grand hymn, to welcome riſing day.
The towering lark aſcends on pinions ſtrong,
And as ſhe mounts, improves the varying ſong,
Sweeter and ſweeter modulates the ſound,
Till ſong and ſongſter are in ether drowned.
Her numbers clear the ſhepherd's mind employ,
Who ſucks the ſoul of harmony and joy:
His harmleſs flock and tender lambs conſpire,
To feed humanity's refining fire.
Smooth glide his days in innocence and eaſe;
The half of earth, and more of heaven he ſees;
As on the airy hill he lies reclined,
Each proſpect ſwells his ſelf-illumined mind.

At dawn, the ſprightly milk-maid band appears,
Whoſe diſtant laugh ſtrikes his delighted ears,

All freſh as morn, as early ſummer gay,
And ſweetly fragrant as the breath of May:
Health decks their comely cheeks with roſy grace,
And innocence plays cheerful o'er their face:
Love lends his pinions, ſwift the ſhepherd ſprings,
And to the fold the milky mothers brings.
Then frolic nymphs and ſwains with ſportful glee;
Pure are their hearts, and their behaviour free:
The foaming pails, which ſnowy floods o'erflow,
Raiſed on their heads, they ſinging homeward go.

Such ſcenes adorn bright Dara's ſilver courſe,
Who amorous yields to Clyde's inferior force;
Who girds Leadhills, for wealthy mines renowned,
And Crawford's ſpacious downs, where flocks abound;
Where Elvin fierce, with dark Dunneeten flows,
And where his ore-ſtained ſtream Glengonnar ſhows.

Let Grecian poets ſing in deathleſs ſtrains,
Arcadia's mountains green, and flowery plains;
Let them with tuneful gods and ſhepherds throng,
And lovely nymphs, that native land of ſong:
Yet not famed Mænalus, great Pan's abode,
Nor fair Cyllene, by ſage Hermes trod,
Prouder than Douglas' hills or Crawford's riſe,
Or lift their haughty heads ſo near the ſkies:

Nor on her hills or dales Arcadia views
More graceful ſwains, or dearer to the muſe:
What paſtoral bard with Ramſay can compare,
Ramſay the favourite of the Britiſh fair;
And here the poet breathed his earlieſt ſtrains,
And learned to warble love's delightful pains.

Now Bagbie riſes graceful o'er the flood,
And Lammington, of ancient heroes proud.
Theſe fair poſſeſſions fate to beauties gave,
Juſt, to reward the ſage, the learned, and brave.
To godlike Wallace, one reſigned her charms,
When Biggar's field confeſt the chieftain's arms.
For as an eagle pounces from the ſky,
Where in their fold devoted lambkins lie,
From Tinto, darting on the tented plain,
He heap'd the ſanguine field with hills of ſlain.
Their generous offspring bleſt with her embrace,
A high-born youth of Baliol's royal race.

A knight of Hyndford's noble lineage led,
Another graceful heireſs to his bed;
And ſage Dundas, who ſkilfully preſides
O'er judges, and the courſe of juſtice guides,
Eſpous'd her daughter, who ſupremely ſhone
In every charm that graceful females own.

From theſe deſcends a fair, who ſcorned her charms
To yield, ſave to a mighty hero's arms;
Accompliſhed Lockhart! in whoſe ſoul conſpire
The court's politeneſs with the hero's fire;
Whoſe ſtately bark, unconquered on the main,
Oft dyed with Gallic gore the watery plain;
Swift as the hawk, that ſees, athirſt for blood,
Steal near her neſt the magpie's chattering brood,
And from her lofty ſtand like lightning darts,
Pierces their panting ſides, and rends their trembling hearts.
Fair Lockhart-hall, whoſe view, diſdaining bound,
Commands the charms of all the country round,
This hero bred: his fires from Douglas ſpring,
Who bare the heart of Bruce, his valiant king,
Locked in a golden vaſe, a ſacred truſt,
To lodge it deep in Salem's holy duſt.
His ſacred charge fulfilled, when fate decreed
The chief beneath a Mooriſh ſpear ſhould bleed,
Locked with like care, his heart this friend brought home,
And ſad conſigned to his paternal tomb.
The term deriving from his pious care,
The name of Lockhart hence his offſpring bare;
An honoured race, in camp or council ſkilled;
Fam'd at the bar, or glorious in the field:

On Clyde's delightful banks their manſions riſe,
And o'er the ſtream behold the ſouthern ſkies.
Where the fair Maidens glide with ſilent force,
And, cloſe embracing, end their gentle courſe;
Unbounded plenty overflows the plain,
Each bending ſtalk preſents a load of grain;
And every kind a different luſtre yields,
With varied beauty to adorn the fields.
See that broad plain which deepeſt verdure wears;
Like ſcattered rubies firſt the bloom appears;
Still ſparkling thronger as the ſtalks ariſe,
Till one bright purple glow the ridges dyes.
In ſilver hue the awny barley ſhines,
And waving oats extend their golden lines:
Soft zephyrs waft o'er every ſpacious field,
The fragrant odours beans in bloſſom yield;
And ſtately wheat, which winter's rage defied,
Still lifts its head erect with hardy pride.
Around imperial Clyde, in regal ſtate,
The various powers of rural plenty wait;
Whether through fields of vegetable gold,
He ſhoots direct, or wreathes each humid fold.
To grace Britannia's king, on days of joy,
Thus all his court their various cares employ:

The royal race in purple robes are ſeen ;
In bright brocades the fair attend their queen ;
And martial chiefs, who burn the foe to face,
In ſcarlet ſtand erect with martial grace.
Here flames the gold, and there the ſilver ſhines,
And all the gems that blaze from Indian mines ;
Bleſt as a god, the monarch moves along,
And ſcatters joy profuſely through the throng:
So rolls majeſtic Clyde his ſilver way,
While ſubject-ſtreams confeſs his ſovereign ſway.

The labouring ſteeds, and ſteers, and ſturdy ſwains,
Imprint the long deep furrows on the plains ;
A ſtately maiden on her graceful head,
By taper neck ſupported, bears the ſeed ;
Which wide the ſower ſtrews with laviſh hand ;
While the harſh harrow following ſmooths the land.
What ſupport nature craves, their labour yields,
And kings and queens are nouriſhed by the fields.

The tender ſeed what various dangers threat !
Chilled by the cold, or ſweltered by the heat ;
By floods o'erwhelmed, by torrents ſwept away ;
The tempeſt's ſport, or crawling reptile's prey.
Dire caterpillars, with voracious haſte,
Devour the verdure, and lay ſummer waſte ;

Till, gorged at laſt, the gluttons loath the day,
And, ſelf-entombed, their ſurfeit ſleep away:
Their dull groſs natures thus by death refine;
Thence burſt to life, in brighter hues to ſhine;
At large through all the fields of ether ſcour,
On odours feaſt, or banquet on the flower.

But here, behold a wondrous ſcene diſplayed!
A mighty pomp of little creatures made!
For when the winds are huſhed, ſerene the day,
On filmy wings the ſwarming inſects play;
Some firſt in pools ſcarce moving, mud appear,
And after flutter through the fields of air;
And ſome in verdant leaves their eggs conceal,
Where tumours from the wound around them ſwell.
Of theſe, the gnats with ſpeckled wings we find,
And creſts adorned, a ſmall but angry kind!
In living columns from the flood they riſe,
With turbid motion, trembling to the ſkies;
With ſtings infixed, they plague the toiling ſwain,
Diſturb his labours, and augment his pain.

See how their arms theſe ſturdy mowers wield!
How ſmooth behind them ſhines the raviſhed field!
Swinging their formidable ſcythes around,
Each ſweep lays bare a mighty length of ground.

Their work behind the active rakers ply,
The fragrant herbs around them lightly fly :
The panting ſteeds drag ſlow the groaning wain,
And deep the wheels imprint the yielding plain :
The maids pile up the ſtack, while from below
The hay into their arms their lovers throw.

The reapers next appear, a merry band ;
A ſharp-toothed ſickle ſhines in every hand ;
Subdued before them falls the yielding grain,
Behind, long lines of ſheaves load thick the plain.
Band ſtrives with band, and harmleſs diſpute breeds ;
The ruſtic jeſt, the noiſy laugh ſucceeds.
As they advance, their lord with leſſening fear,
Sees crowned the hopes and labours of the year ;
And in his barn-yard lodged, a treaſure ſhines,
More precious than the wealth of Indian mines.
His weary nymphs and ſwains, behold him call
To dear-earned banquet in his ruſtic hall.
With ale and muſic their plain hearts they cheer,
Dance, and forget the labours of the year.

Such copious plenty crowns Carnwath's domains,
And the fair fields where noble Hyndford reigns :
For where vaſt Tinto heaves his bulk on high,
His ſhoulders bear the clouds, his head the ſky ;

Mists for a robe o'er his large limbs extend,
And gushing fountains from his skirts descend,
O'er the bleak mountain poured: The traveller sees
The yellow corn studded with verdant trees:
He doubts the place; who wrought the change inquires,
And hearing Hyndford's name, no more admires.
For what is hard for that extensive mind,
Which Naples charmed, luxuriant and refined?
Revered on hardy Russia's stormy coast,
By spirits tempered in eternal frost;
Esteemed alike by Austria's haughty dame,
And Prussia's prince, the loudest boast of fame;
Whose pictured forms adorn his stately halls,
Frown dread, or smile enchantment, from the walls.
His sires to warlike Douglas' race allied,
Proud of their clan, were faithful to his side.
Their honourable crest shall ever tell,
By whom the dread of France, great Clarence, fell.

Mark the dark stream that bears the Douglas name,
Proud of his ancient chieftain's martial fame;
Who on his brink still views his castle tower,
O'er time triumphant, and o'er hostile power.
For, true as strange! whene'er the fabric falls,
Stronger and fairer mount the lofty walls.

Thus the ſure fates to *good Sir James* declared,
Of his unrivalled worth the high reward,
When with ſtrong arm he razed his native owers,
In ſcorn of Edward and his ſouthern powers.
For this they lengthened out the manſion's date,
Till the ſupporting earth ſhould yield to fate:
Or if it fell, propitiouſly decreed,
A nobler fabric always ſhould ſucceed.
In vain may time, may foes their rage renew,
No earthly power ſhall Douglas e'er ſubdue.

As Scotia's ſons, in every clime, excelled
In hardy feats, on every dangerous field,
Among the Scots ſupreme in martial grace,
Bright ſhone the valiant chiefs of Sholto's race.
When Scotia's king, oppreſſed with ſpeechleſs woe,
Viewed his ſpent ſquadrons yielding to the foe;
Before the van he ſaw the hero dart,
Scorn on his brow, and vengeance in his heart;
Freſh to the charge the fainting troops he led;
By his wide-waſting ſword the foemen bled;
His ſingle arm reſtored the doubtful day,
And tore from foes the laurel and the prey.
The battle won, when Scotia's Prince inquired
What arm performed the deed by all admired;

Sholto Du Glas! an ancient chieftain cried;
Sholto Du Glas! the wondering prince replied,
As black with duſt, and all-beſmeared with blood,
He marked the ſable hero where he ſtood.

When every peer with Edward's power complies,
Douglas alone his baffled rage defies;
By flattery, fraud, and force unmoved remains,
And, firm to liberty, expires in chains.
Thrice twenty times victorious for the right,
His ſon returned illuſtrious from the fight;
But moſt, when haſting to redeem from fate
His friend, ſurrounded in the hard debate;
As faints the foe his generous aid he ſtays,
And yields him unimpaired the victor's praiſe.

Dread Hotſpur yielded to a Douglas' might,
Who bare his ſpear triumphant from the fight.
When bleeding in the field the hero lies,
His name, though dead, brought victory from the ſkies.

When England's lord ignoble dread confeſt,
Expoſing ſubjects in the royal veſt,
A prey ſo tempting whets the Douglas' ire,
And ſeeming kings on ſeeming kings expire;
So had the true; but reſcued from the fight,
By France-ſubduing Henry's matchleſs might;

Checked in her conquefts, England feels their wound,
And refcued Gauls the Douglas' triumph found.
Scarce Europe could their dreadful deeds contain,
From Ruffia's frozen coaft to fultry Spain.
Nor time has yet fubdued the mighty line;
Still bright their vigour, and their honours fhine.
Thefe, generous Morton, thy famed line fupport;
Hence fprightly March attends his Sovereign's court;
Queenfberry, who lateft of his race refigned
To fate, the luftre of a princely mind.
Ah! let me yet the mournful theme purfue,
The manfion of a generous friend in view;
From which no more his graceful form is feen
To mount the hill, or tread the flowery green.
No more his fmiles the clouded brow fhall clear,
Nor my fad heart his friendly converfe cheer:
For his kind fpeech the fierceft griefs beguiled,
And all were cheerful round when William fmiled.
His words were true, his fmiles were void of art;
The kindeft friend, with the fincereft heart.
As mild his manners as his foul was brave;
He never frowned but when he marked a knave.
No more he bids the fwains' contentions ceafe,
Reftrains their rage, or fmiles them into peace.

Nor he alone repoſes in the duſt,
But Ariſtides too, the good, the juſt,
Whoſe worth by all that knew him was confeſt,
And ſtill they prized him moſt who knew him beſt.
Good men him loved, and men of ſenſe revered;
The wretched bleſt him, and the villain feared.
For virtue's ſelf he followed virtue's ways,
And valued not if crowds ſhould blame or praiſe.

From that Hungarian chief his line deſcends,
Who led with Edgar his Sarmatian bands;
Who, when the conquering Norman's lawleſs might
Drove the young ſovereign from his royal right,
A faithful friend, aſpired his fate to ſhare:
But when great Malcolm raiſed his virtuous heir
To Scotia's throne, and bade the warrior reign
The princely lord of many a vaſt domain,
For Somervilles were daily heifers ſlain,
Which grazed Carnwath's luxuriant level plain.

Where ancient Corehouſe hangs above the ſtream,
And far beneath the tumbling ſurges gleam,
Engulphed in crags, the fretting river raves,
Chaffed into foam, reſound his tortured waves;
With giddy heads we view the dreadful deep,
And cattle ſnort, and tremble at the ſteep,

Where down at once the foaming waters pour,
And tottering rocks repel the deafening roar:
Viewed from below, it ſeems from heaven they fell!
Seen from above, they ſeem to ſink to hell!
But when the deluge pours from every hill,
And Clyde's wide bed ten thouſand torrents fill,
His rage the murmuring mountain ſtreams augment:
Redoubled rage, in rocks ſo cloſely pent:
Then ſhattered woods, with ragged roots uptorn,
And herds and harveſts down the wave are borne;
Huge ſtones heaved upward through the boiling deep,
And rocks enormous thundering down the ſteep,
In ſwift deſcent, fixed rocks encountering, roar,
Craſh as from ſlings diſcharged, and ſhake the ſhore.

From that drear grot which bears thy ſacred name,
Heroic Wallace! ever dear to fame,
Did I the terrors of the ſcene behold;
I ſaw the liquid ſnowy mountains rolled
Prone down the awful ſteep; I heard the din
That ſhook the hill, from caves that boiled within:
Then wept the rocks and trees, with dropping hair,
Thick miſts aſcending loaded all the air,
Blotted the ſun, obſcured the ſhining day,
And waſhed the blazing noon at once away.

The wreck below, in wild confuſion toſt,
Convolved in eddies, or in whirlpools loſt,
Is ſwept along, or daſhed upon the coaſt,
Where Lanark's ancient towers aſſert her claim
To eldeſt rank, and give a province name.

Old Lanark's origin, which ſearch tranſcends,
In ancient venerable darkneſs ends.
Here Kenneth oft retired, whoſe ſkilful hand
Swayed Scotia's ſceptre of ſupreme command;
The ſtain of feudal combats to efface,
Through Clyde's fair foreſt he purſued the chace;
Revolving godlike projects in his breaſt,
By peaceful arts to make his people bleſt.
But diſcontented pride his chiefs inflame;
Their fiery ſouls, athirſt for martial fame,
Diſdain a peaceful monarch to obey,
And ſecret plot againſt his ſovereign ſway.
Bewrayed, the monarch bids his heralds call
A ſolemn council; guards ſurround the hall;
When thus the king: "From war heaven bids us ceaſe,
And cultivate the beauteous works of peace;
So plenty ſhall o'erflow theſe happy plains,
And love and joy ſhall crown the nymphs and ſwains.
But ſuch as place in war their horrid joy,
And count it glorious only to deſtroy,

May pour their fury on an open foe,
Nor weave in ſecret plots their country's woe.
Yet thoſe of miſcreant ſoul, who grace refuſe,
Deſpiſe our counſel, and our love abuſe,
Shall know what juſtice and our truſt demand;
Nor ſhall the vengeance loiter in our hand.
But ah! why ſhould his much-loved ſons conſpire
Againſt the life of their indulgent ſire?
If griefs oppreſs, my children may demand,
Aſſured relief from their dear father's hand.
Then freely aſk; and let my people know,
For them my wealth, for them my blood ſhall flow."
The father of his people thus expreſt
The generous dictates of his noble breaſt.
Remorſe and reverence every boſom tamed;
The juſt revered, the guilty ſtood aſhamed;
Duteous obedience diſcontent ſucceeds:
Such reverence ſtill conſummate virtue breeds!
Here Hazelrig the ſpouſe of Wallace ſlew;
His ſword for vengeance here the hero drew.
Wretch! bid thy ſlighted ſon redreſs demand,
As ſuits a warrior, from his rival's hand:
On me exhauſt thy coward rage, nor dare
To wreck thy wrath on the defenceleſs fair.

On barren hearts the tears of beauty fall ;
But ſoon red flames involve the tyrant's hall.
Here their broad wings Rome's ravening eagles ſpread,
When great Agricola her legions led :
Not Grampian mountains could his ſpeed reſtrain ;
And brave Galgacus fought, but fought in vain.
Then freedom, loth to leave her native ſeat,
Mid northern ſnow-hills ſought her ſad retreat ;
Bade hardy Graham her ancient bounds reſtore,
And Romans ſink beneath the red claymore.
Clyde, foaming o'er his falls, tremendous roars,
And Mouſe through rugged rocks his waters pours,
Where Cleghorn, beauteous by a Lockhart's care,
Bares to the diſtant view her boſom fair ;
And Lee's receſs ; whence many a chief of name,
Heroes and ſages, moved in queſt of fame.
Boſomed in woods, and riſing o'er the plain,
See fair Stonebyres, generous Vere's domain.
From Oxford's lofty race their lineage ſprings ;
Famed Oxford, ſprung from emperors and kings.
How bright the Veri Antonini ſhone !
When virtue's ſelf poſſeſt the imperial throne.
The world admired Aurelius' godlike ſway,
And bleſt his power, delighted to obey.

But when the fierce prætorian cohorts ſold
The earth's broad empire for alluring gold,
The generous Veri left imperial Rome,
And fixed in warlike Normandy their home.
And when before the Normans' furious might,
The conquered Saxon ſunk in fatal fight,
Above the braveſt ſhone the valiant Vere,
And far-famed Oxford fell the hero's ſhare.
But, led by friendſhip, from their native ſoil,
They ſhared the noble Hamilton's exile.
On either ſide they ſtretch their wide domain
Where turbid Nethan rends the indented plain.

Where ample fields could ſcarce one ſheep ſuſtain,
The plains of Kennedy wave white with grain;
Where ſcarce the heath the lark's low neſt could ſhade,
Now lofty trees aſcending, heaven invade.

Now Clyde propitious opes his fair retreats,
Sage wiſdom's haunts, the muſes' pleaſant ſeats.
Receſſes ſoft, where rocks around them rolled,
Rebuke the tempeſt, and defy the cold:
On whoſe high brows tall woods majeſtic ſweep
The ſkies, their roots ſwell antic o'er the ſteep;
Where trickling ſprings from earth's dark caverns broke,
Weep through the chinks, and tinkle down the rock;

Whoſe rugged face the mantling ivy hides :
Around the baſe a murmuring rivulet glides ;
On his green brink each fragrant wild-flower meets,
And wantons in a wilderneſs of ſweets.

Firſt, pale primroſes drink the early dew ;
Then modeſt violets ſhow their heavenly blue ;
The verdant fields, where red-crowned daiſies blow,
Seem ſpotted with a gentle ſhower of ſnow :
Theſe, flowered with ſcarlet, brilliant hues unfold ;
Embroidered thoſe with nature's richeſt gold.
Twining the brake, the fragrant woodbine pours
Her odorous twigs, and ſweetly breathing flowers :
While pale wild-roſes ſcatter perfumes round,
And fragrance floats along the vernal ground ;
And ſparkling thyme, when bruiſed by ruſtic feet,
Darts on the noſtril ſcents more piercing ſweet.

Here let me walk abroad when tempeſts fly,
And careleſs hear them rage along the ſky ;
Where foreſt trees with daring grandeur riſe,
Diſdain the earth, and bold invade the ſkies.
How wide his arms the ſtately aſh extends ;
The plane's thick head mid burning day ſuſpends
Impenetrable ſhade ; bees humming pour
O'er the broad balmy leaves, and ſuck the flower :

Green ſhoots the fir his ſpiry point on high;
And fluttering leaves on trembling aſpens ſigh:
With haughtier air, ſee the ſtrong oak aſcend,
Too proud before an angry heaven to bend:
His leaves unſhaken, winter's rage defy;
He ſhades a field, and heaves a wood on high;
Glories in ſtubborn ſtrength, when tempeſts roar,
And ſcorns to yield, ſave to the thunder's power.

But May with ſofter charms the ſhrub adorns;
She ſpreads her ſnowy mantle o'er the thorns;
Decks the rough furze with flaming orange bloom,
And loads with vegetable gold the broom;
Pure nature's beauteous work. But culture joins,
Where yon bright glow from neighbouring orchards ſhines.
Their ſnowy pride the plumb-trees firſt diſplay;
Then ſhakes the pear's tall head with ſilver gray;
The apple bids her painted bloſſoms riſe;
Each gem ſoft-ſwelling, with the ruby vies;
With thin expanded petals ſmiles around,
While trees appear with damaſk roſes crowned.

With various notes, ſweet, ſolemn, loud, and deep,
The tuneful thruſh awakes the band from ſleep:
The blackbird whiſtles in a merrier note;
Sweet ſings the goldfinch in her gawdy coat;

Familiar redbreaſt warbles ſoftly clear;
The wren's ſhrill chattering charms the diſtant ear;
While doves in deeper notes expreſs their loves,
And with their amorous cooing fill the murmuring groves.
Love wakes the melody, their voices tunes,
Swells every note, each brightening pinion prunes.
Through all the dancing air the muſic floats;
The wanton breezes waft the lingering notes,
Which ſoftly ſport along the liſtening floods,
And waft the fragrance from the vocal woods:
Our ſympathiſing breaſts diſſolve in love,
And all the force of vernal tranſports prove.

When Phœbus flaming bright in cloudleſs ſkies,
Pours all his ſplendours on my labouring eyes,
In theſe ſweet groves let me at eaſe recline,
While o'er my head the trembling branches twine,
Which wanton breezes ſhake in ſportive play,
While ſhades and ſunſhine ſhift in chequered day;
Or when their heads, with tempeſts ſtruggling, nod,
And caſt the dancing ſhadows far abroad.
As languid on the banks I lie reclined,
Half-formed ideas melting in my mind;
The maddening cattle hurry to the wood,
Or, ſtung with ſwarming inſects, ſeek the flood.

No pearly dews refreſh the labouring ground ;
Dry are the leaves, and parched the herbs around ;
The tender flowers ſoft languiſh or expire,
And crackling ſtalks reproach the ſcorching fire ;
The tuneful birds ſuppreſs the cheerful lay,
And to hoarſe graſhoppers reſign the day ;
While at each opening pore, the panting earth,
Labouring with heat, breathes ſteaming vapours forth.
Heaven's beauteous face a diſmal darkneſs ſhrouds,
And black deſcends a ſolid arch of clouds.
The flocks forſake the fields in flowery pride,
The ſilent birds in leafy coverts hide ;
The whiſpering winds are huſhed, and dumb the flood,
While nature faints before the frown of God.
Terrific broods the gloom o'er boding earth,
And ſwift the red-winged lightnings iſſue forth :
Hoarſe thunders far through heaven's wide regions roll,
And craſhing fragors burſt from pole to pole :
Heaven opening, glares at once : A boundleſs glow
Of forked lightning floods the world below.
It opes ; it ſhuts ; 'tis night and day by turns ;
Still thunders deepen ; ether redder burns ;
Till all the ſtruggling ſtorms their priſons rend,
And all at once the ruſhing clouds deſcend ;

The rattling leaves through all the foreſts ſound,
The corn, oppreſt, lies proſtrate on the ground:
Red ruſh the roaring torrents down the hills,
And Clyde's wide bed a foaming deluge fills;
The mound he burſts, and down the rampart bears,
Sweeps the broad village, ancient woods uptears;
And proudly lifts on high the ravaged ſpoil
Of the improver's art and labourer's toil;
With ruin marking all his waſteful way,
He ſpreads his conqueſt with reſiſtleſs ſway.
Wild deſolation far and wide prevails,
And ruin floats triumphant o'er the dales.
All nature mourns, till Phœbus' cheerful ray
Diſpels the darkneſs, and reſtores the day.

Then nature ſmiles; wide flow from every grove
The fragrant gales of health, and ſongs of love.
Earth wears a livelier green: Cerulean ſkies
Smile ſoft; the wood-flowers glow with brighter dies.
Their ſilver ſmoothneſs Clyde's fair floods reſume,
And groves and fields with freſher luſtre bloom.

On ſhaggy rocks exalted, wildly ſweet,
Aſcends Craignethan's gay romantic ſeat;
And Milntown, bending o'er his ſubject woods,
His image views in the ſurrounding floods.

Here Roy was born, who led the ſanguine way
To crimſon conqueſt on dread Minden's day.
Low Mauldſlie lies, by lofty banks embraced,
By art adorned, but more by nature graced.
As ſome coy virgin ſhuns the public view,
So fair Dalſerf amidſt her ſcenes withdrew;
But peeps along the ſtream with aſpect ſly,
Where groves and fields in fair confuſion lie;
Sees ſpacious Wiſhaw boaſt her generous lord,
And Cultneſs joy to view her chief reſtored;
Sees that ſweet vale where Cambuſnethan gay,
Receives with open arms the noontide ray;
While woody banks, with wavy verdure crowned,
Embrace the plain, and claſp the manſion round.
But proudly eminent, Dalziel aſcends,
And far his ſpacious avenues extends.
His winding walks along the flowery ſtream,
Inſpire at once the ſong, and give the theme:
Where ſtately trees aloft their branches ſpread,
A verdant arch extending over head;
Between their trunks refreſhing breezes play,
And fluttering leaves admit the dubious ray.
But when in wrath majeſtic Clyde o'erflows,
Amidſt the flood green ſhake their trembling rows.

Here Avon pours, who his long current leads
Through old Strathaven, famed for generous ſteeds:
Through paſtures, fields, and towns he rolls along;
The ſoil is fruitful, and the ſwains are ſtrong.
But on yon eminence, exalted high,
Proud Chattelherault's tall turrets ſtrike the ſky,
Mid artificial lawns extending, green,
While gay parterres enamelled ſpread between;
Fenced with broad waving woods of varied hue;
A ſweet retreat, with all the world in view.
So Paradiſe, with faultleſs beauty crowned,
On mountains roſe, which ſhook with woods around.
Here, deep-ingulphed in rocks, fair Avon flows,
While lines of cryſtal wander down their brows;
Where ſportive nature all the forms has ſhown
Of vegetation in a growing ſtone;
Nor by the ſages can it be defined,
Or plant, or ſtone, where both ſo well are joined.
In billowy ſurges waves the riſing grain,
Where graceful Hamilton adorns the plain.
In ancient pomp, above the ſubject lands,
The palaced hall her winged courts expands;
The lofty walls with poliſhed marble vie,
And ſtately columns heave the roof on high;

The figured arras lines each ſpacious hall,
And forms for ancient chiefs a gorgeous pall.
So gleamed the ſplendid halls in lambent flame,
When to his court bright Phœbus' offſpring came.
Loſt and confounded in a ſtorm of light,
Each radiant view o'erpowered his darkened ſight.
With gold and ſilver bright pyropus ſtrove,
And glittering ivory crowned the roofs above.
But fairer here the roofs than ivory ſhow,
Smoother than glaſs, more white than falling ſnow.
The poliſhed marble owns each latent grace,
And ſhaded canvas ſhows the living face:
Dread heroes frown in all their ancient ire,
And ſofter eyes ſtill dart the heavenly fire.
The manſion's lords, whoſe lofty lineage ſprings
From the long line of Caledonian kings,
Hold, with their conforts bright, the foremoſt place,
The dames, the chiefs of that illuſtrious race.
But who could hope Eliza's form to paint!
To blend in one the angel and the ſaint!
In whom her beauty is her loweſt praiſe,
Though that the brighteſt that the ſun ſurveys.
To heaven and nature juſt, their darling care
Repaid their bounty to each orphan-fair:

For, left dull want and anxious penury
Should damp the dawning luſtre of their eye;
Wither the roſes which begin to blow,
Or tinge with ſallow hue their native ſnow;
She reared her orphan charge with tender art,
And, like a parent, ſoothed each lonely heart.

As by the moiſture nurſt which Clyde ſupplies,
The mighty oak ſprings to gigantic ſize;
Proudly erects his wide ſpread head on high,
While his long arms inveſt the diſtant ſky;
So eminent this princely ſtock is found,
Extending proſperous branches wide around.
From Leiceſter's race deſcends the lofty line,
A generous breed, in battle doomed to ſhine;
The chief that ſpurned a minion's rank abuſe,
And joined the fortunes of the warrior Bruce:
Faithful to Scotiſh kings the race has ſtood,
While circles in their veins their ſovereign's blood.
Hence bold Bargenny and Belhaven roſe;
Hence, Haddington, thy noble lineage flows;
Hence ſprung rich Abercorn, a mighty peer,
And Selkirk, ever to the muſes dear.

Yet moſt the name adorns their native Clyde,
Where frequent ſhine their domes on every ſide;

Whence, moving graceful, all the active race
Rush with their sprightly chief to urge the chase;
Where slily lurking mid his caverned rocks,
By Clyde's fair banks, slow creeps the crafty fox:
Sagacious hounds his tainted track pursue,
He doubles, winds, and shuns the open view.
Their chiming sounds his frighted ears invade;
In vain his wiles he summons to his aid;
He, listening, hears in every blast of wind,
The deep-mouthed hound and thundering horse behind:
He shoots the steep, and tracks the sightless road,
And winding mazes to his dark abode.
With aspect mean, a formidable foe,
The terrier drives him from his haunt below.
His guilt glares hideous, when in open day,
The villain stands revealed, with dumb dismay,
When guileful rapine's hoarded spoils are viewed,
And guilty caverns stained with guiltless blood.
None grieve, when low the trembling felon lies,
Who, unlamented, unlamenting dies.
His limbs the hungry brood of ravens feed;
Abhorred alive, more loathsome still when dead.

Not so the stately stag, of harmless force;
In motion graceful, rapid in his course.

Nature in vain his lofty head adorns
With formidable groves of pointed horns.
Soon as the hound's fierce clamour ſtrikes his ear,
He throws his arms behind, and owns his fear;
Sweeps o'er the unprinted graſs, the wind outflies;—
Hounds, horſes, hunters, horns, ſtill ſound along the ſkies;
Fierce as a ſtorm they pour along the plain;
Their lively chief ſtill foremoſt of the train;
With unremitting ardour leads the chace;—
He, trembling, ſafety ſeeks in every place;
Drives through the thicket, ſcales the lofty ſteep;
Bounds o'er the hills, or darts through valleys deep;
Plunges amid the river's cooling tides,
While ſtrong and quick he heaves his panting ſides.
He from afar his loved companions ſees,
Whom the loud hoop that hurtles on the breeze
Into a crowded phalanx firm had caſt;
Their armed heads all outward round them placed:
Some deſperate band, ſurrounded, thus appears,
Hedged with protended bayonets and ſpears:
To theſe he flies, and begs to be allowed
To ſhare the danger with the kindred crowd;
But muſt, by general voice excluded, know
How loathed the ſad ſociety of woe.

The cruel hounds pour round on every hand ;
Deſperate, he turns to make a feeble ſtand :
Big tears on tears roll down his harmleſs face ;
He falls, and ſues in vain, alas! for grace.
Pitied and prized he dies. The ponderous prey
The jolly troop in triumph bear away.
Nor men infeſt alone the open field ;
Even Clyde's deep floods can no protection yield.
Man, formed by heaven to bleſs each living kind,
Their bounteous lord and guardian god deſigned,
Degenerate now, purſues relentleſs ſtrife,
And robs for ſport his ſubjects' harmleſs life.
By purifying froſts, when ſtreams run clear,
The amorous ſalmons to the fords repair ;
Unerring inſtinct moves their longing mind,
By wondrous ways to propagate their kind.
Not the red firebrand blazing o'er their head,
Can force the lovers from their watery bed ;
So fierce love rages in their gelid blood,
The unheeded trident gores them in the flood.
Deep, deep they bury in a ſandy bed
Their countleſs ova and prolific ſeed ;
Which unobſerved, long lurk beneath the tide,
Till Sol arrays the year in vernal pride ;

Then all the ſand, (a true, though wondrous thing!)
Begins to move as in a bubbling ſpring.
Swarming with life, the weltering bottom heaves,
And glittering ſwarms crowd the encumbered waves:
Broad ſhoals, on ſhoals in youthful prime, are rolled;
Their azure armour ſhines with ſtuds of gold;
Bedropt with purple hues, and ſcarlet bright,
They ſhoot amidſt the floods, a glorious ſight.
Where theſe high walls round wide incloſures run,
Forbid the winter, and invite the ſun,
Wild ſtrays the race of biſons, white as ſnow,
Hills, dales and woods re-echo when they low.
No houſes lodge them, and no milk they yield,
Save to their calves; nor turn the furrowed field:
At pleaſure through the ſpacious paſtures ſtray;
No keeper know, nor any guide obey;
Nor round the dairy with ſwelled udders ſtand,
Or, lowing, court the milkmaid's roſy hand.
But, mightieſt of his race, the bull is bred;
High o'er the reſt he rears his armed head,
The monarch of the drove, his ſullen roar,
Shakes Clyde with all his rocks from ſhore to ſhore.
The murdered ſounds in billowy ſurges come,
Deep, diſmal as the death-denouncing drum,

When ſome dark traitor, mid an armed throng,
His bier the ſable ſledge, is dragged along.
Not prouder looked the Thunderer when he bore
The fair Europa from the Tyrian ſhore:
The beauteous females that his nod obey,
Match the famed heifers of the god of day.

Where Bothwell's bridge connects the margins ſteep,
And Clyde below runs ſilent, ſtrong, and deep;
The hardy peaſant, by oppreſſion driven
To battle, deemed his cauſe the cauſe of Heaven:
Unſkilled in arms, with uſeleſs courage ſtood,
While gentle Monmouth grieved to ſhed his blood.
But fierce Dundee, inflamed with deadly hate,
In vengeance for the great Montroſe's fate,
Let looſe the ſword, and to the hero's ſhade,
A barbarous hecatomb of victims paid.
Clyde's ſhining ſilver with their blood was ſtained;
His paradiſe with corpſes red profaned;
Which, when from Bothwell's lofty banks we view,
Shines with the leaves of ſpring, and bloſſoms new.

On every ſide, along the winding ſtream,
The eye meets one continued roſeate gleam,
From orchards flaming with a lovely glow;
Scarce Eden could preſent a fairer ſhow.

When Phœbus in the eaſt, aſcending bright,
Unlocks the treaſuries of celeſtial light,
The vales and plains a golden deluge fills,
Which brightens all the ſtream, and gilds the hills.
Clear ſhine the fields, in flowing ſplendours drowned;
The waving radiance boundleſs rolls around;
A ſhining ſea, from Tinto's cloudy brow
To northern mountains of perennial ſnow.
How inſtantaneous flies the rapid ſight
Through all the wide, the boundleſs fields of light!
This glance juſt ſtrikes the verdant turf we tread;
The next flies o'er the diſtant mountain's head.
Remote in ſpace the twinkling ſtar is ſeen,
Though twice ten thouſand ſyſtems intervene.
The tufted graſs lines Bothwell's ancient hall;
The fox peeps cautious from the creviced wall;
Where once proud Murray, Clydeſdale's ancient lord,
A mimic ſovereign, held the feſtal board;
But dark oblivion has eraſed the name
Of many a hero from the liſts of fame.
When ebbed their noble blood, a damſel fair
Conſigned their power to Douglas *the auſtere;*
Who bade the Gothic temple riſe ſublime,
Still freſh and youthful from the wrecks of time.

And here thy noble duſt, loved Forfar! lies,
Whoſe graceful figure charmed admiring eyes:
But ruſhing to the field, too early brave!
To cruſh rebellion, and the land to ſave,
Fell, mourned by all. His monument here ſhows
His pious mother's unremitting woes.
On the high bank, where verdant groves ariſe,
And wave their leafy honours near the ſkies,
Deſcends a torrent of his heroes proud,
With courage bold, and conduct ſage endued:
Maxwell, of military art approved,
By Ferdinand, the dread of France, beloved.
From German plains, crowned with immortal fame,
The graceful warrior in his glory came:
And Stewart his victorious laurels bore
From Louiſburgh and Cuba's ſultry ſhore:
For, when the Moro tumbled on the plain,
And ſtrong Havannah ſaw her champion ſlain,
The form of Stewart ruddy Victory took,
And trembling Spain to her foundation ſhook.
Each his deſcent from ancient heroes brings;
From Lennox one; one from Carlaverock ſprings.
As Calder rolls his melancholy flood,
Deep ſunk between his banks, and dim with mud;

" Learn, learn," he cries, " ye honoured, rich, and great,
How vain youth, beauty, honour, or eſtate,
Since all combined in vain, alas! to ſave
Lovely Hamilla from an early grave.
Could all a mother's tenderneſs or grief,
Or virtue's power, have brought the fair relief,
Long had ſhe lived, and bleſt the human kind,
With beauty, wiſdom, goodneſs, all combined.
Now lonely, midſt her wide improven plains,
And far-ſtretched groves, her fair Roſehall complains."
Forbear, replies the majeſty of Clyde,
Still does not ſweet Woodhall adorn thy ſide?
Whoſe noble architecture charms the eye,
And with my proudeſt palaces may vie;
Where Campbell rules, chief of a warlike horde,
While Ila's clans revere their giant lord.

CLYDE;

A POEM.

PART II.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

Comparison of the windings of Clyde to the Links of Forth—Alluſion to Hamilton the poet—Rutherglen—Horſe-racing—Villas in the vicinity of Glaſgow—Bathing—Military exerciſes—Bleaching—Glaſgow—Variety of ſtudies in the Univerſity—Aſſemblies—A wedding—A funeral—St. Mungo—Compariſon of Glaſgow to London as a commercial mart—Kelvin, and its founderies—Canal between Forth and Clyde compared to the ancient Roman wall—Alluſion to the battles of Falkirk and Bannockburn—The Grahams—Scotſtown and Renfield compared to two rival beauties viewing themſelves in the ſame glaſs—Ancient families of Renfrewſhire—Paiſley—Crookſtone—Alluſion to Mary Queen of Scots—Battle of Langſide—Finlayſton—Origin of the Cuninghams—Dumbarton, or Alclutha—Buchanan—Alluſion to Oſſian's fall of Balclutha—Leven—Floating iſle in Lochlomond—Origin of the Campbells—Lowdon—Ardencaple—Roſeneath—Greenock—Bute—Alluſion to the battle of Largs—Arran—Cunningham—Kyle—Kintyre—Ailſa—Alluſion to the ſea-fight between Elliot and Thurot—Addreſs of Clyde to his tributary ſtreams—Sun-ſet.

CLYDE;

A POEM.

BOAST not, great FORTH, thy broad majeſtic tide,
Beyond the graceful modeſty of CLYDE;
Though famed Mæander, in the poet's dream,
Ne'er led through fairer fields, his wandering ſtream.
Bright wind thy mazy LINKS on Stirling's plain,
Which oft departing, ſtill return again;
And wheeling round and round, in ſportive mood,
The nether ſtream turns back to meet the upper flood.
Now ſunk in ſhades, now bright in open day,
Bright Clyde, in ſimple beauty, winds his way.
In wanderings ſerpentine, his wanton train
Wreaths round the bank, or through the flowery plain;
While fair peninſules, by the flood embraced,
Exult in beauties laviſhed out to waſte:

Where late gay Hamilton's facetious lay,
In ruſtic numbers hailed returning May;
And bade the brakes of Ardrie long reſound
The plaintive dirge, that graced his favourite hound.

Old Rutherglen his deſignation brings
From Reuther, famed among our earlieſt kings:
Where numerous miners dwell, who fly the day,
Through central darkneſs urge their downward way;
Where, ſlumbering in their ſecret beds, retire
The ſable ſtores which nurſe the rage of fire.

To try the vigour of the generous horſe,
The level lawn expands the racer's courſe;
Where, on the days to feſtal games aſſigned,
The ſprightly horſemen crowd from every wind;
While gazing crowds admire the courſer's ſpeed,
The graceful rider, and the governed ſteed.
More ſkilful horſemen Græcia ne'er could grace
With wreathing laurel, in Olympia's race;
Nor fleeter courſers ſwept the Pythian plain,
Renowned in daring Pindar's deathleſs ſtrain.
See, how they ſhift, and paw, with trembling heart,
And loſe a thouſand ſteps before they ſtart.

When, robed in emerald veſt, awakening ſpring
Invites the flowers to ſpread, and birds to ſing,

Fair Glaſgow pours her wealthy merchants round,
Whoſe numerous villas crowd the fertile ground.
So once imperial Rome indignant ſaw
Her chiefs, who held the ſubject-world in awe,
Retiring to Campania's fair retreats,
To Baian plains, or old Tarentum's ſeats.
Yet ſofter Clyde's, where ſubterranean ire
Ne'er darts the burſts of dark ſulphureous fire;
Which deep entomb the ſwarthy peaſant's toil,
And parch to aſhes all the burning ſoil.

Yet ſummer's heat drives frequent to the pool
The active youth, their glowing limbs to cool.
They dive, and diſtant far emerge again,
Or eaſy float along the liquid plain;
While curling waves around their bodies twine,
Through which their limbs like poliſhed marble ſhine.
Now with ſtrong arms they ſtrive againſt the tide;
Now, oaring ſwiftly, with the current glide.
So the bold Roman, ere he ſlept, would croſs
The Tiber thrice, nor feared his rapid force;
Then, vigorous from the flood, would, ſtriving, ſtrain
His well-braced nerves on Mavors' ſacred plain;
Or chooſe the chief which ſhould the world command,
Or for red conqueſt train the youthful band.

So, where Clyde's ſilver currents ſmoothly glide,
And ample lawns extend on every ſide,
The Clydeſdale heroes, bright in arms, are ſeen
To rival Rome's, in force and awful mien.
While, robed in red, fierce flame the lengthened lines,
From their bright arms a dreadful ſplendor ſhines;
While tubes that, diſtant, drive the death unſeen,
Or gleaming ſwords flaſh terror o'er the Green;
As if their leader ſent through all his ſoul,
Juſt to his motion moves the obedient whole;
Thouſands at once, a thouſand different ways,
Yet none confuſed, or, ſtraggling, vaguely ſtrays:
Forth, at one glance, the levelled tubes are thurſt;
At once, from all, the volleyed thunders burſt:
At once the riders from their ſteeds deſcend;
The obedient ſteeds their motions ſtill attend.

Here barefoot beauties lightly trip along;
Their ſnowy labours all the verdure throng:
The linen ſome with roſy fingers rub,
And the white foam o'erflows the ſmoking tub:
Her ſnowy feet another nimbly plies,
Whence other charms in fair proportion riſe.
Hence, ye profane! and tremble to deſcry
The graceful nymphs with looſe unhallowed eye:

Their bright approach impurity refines;
At every touch the linen brighter ſhines,
Whether they bathe it in the cryſtal wave,
Or from the ſtream the whitening ſurges lave,
Or from the painted cann the fountain pour,
Softly deſcending in a ſhining ſhower;
Till, as it lies, its fair tranſparent hue
Shows like a lily dipt in morning dew.

As ſhines the moon among the leſſer fires,
Unrivalled Glaſgow lifts her ſtately ſpires:
For Commerce, glorious with her golden crown,
Has marked fair Glaſgow for her favourite town:
She makes her ſtately edifices thrive,
And merchants rich, in princely ſplendor live;
Extends her ſpacious ſtreets on every ſide,
And bids her poor in palaces reſide.

Where royal Naſſau rides aloft, and round
His daring brows a wreath of laurels bound,
As in a common centre, meet combined
Four ſpacious ſtreets, which ſtretch to every wind:
The diſtant buildings vaniſh from the view,
Nor can the weary eye their length purſue.

Lofty and large the ſtately temples riſe,
Fit for His worſhip who ſpread out the ſkies.

This charms with beauty regular and chaſte,
And elegance correct of Grecian taſte.
The comely parts exact proportion ſhow,
And to one whole by fit connections grow.
Corinthian columns the fair walls adorn;
Light ſeems the lofty frame, and eaſy borne.
That labours with the vaſt and cumbrous load
Of various ornaments, profuſe beſtowed:
Huge pillars heave to a ſtupendous height,
Their Gothic grandeur's vaſt unwieldy weight:
The pile the rich unpoliſhed genius ſhows
Of that wild daring age in which it roſe.

Round theſe fair courts, where ſtately ſtructures riſe,
And that aſcending ſpire ſalutes the ſkies;
Fair truth diſplays, in all her native light,
Reſiſtleſs charms, celeſtially bright!
And gently leads the willing mind along,
As charmed with ſweetneſs of angelic ſong:
The atheiſt learns his Maker to adore;
Aſhamed, the wicked wiſh to ſin no more.

Here dwell the muſes: In their ſacred halls,
Soft as deſcending dew their doctrine falls.
Rome's ancient heroes, marſhalled for the fight,
Tremendous riſe in pure hiſtoric light;

Or ſhine in daring Lucan's manly ſtrain,
Who ſung of freedom in a tyrant's reign.
Still in Greek annals live their mighty dead:
The whole we ſee—and feel whate'er we read.
But if great Homer's martial trumpet ſound,
Then troops expire, and heroes bite the ground;
Steeds neigh, ſwords gleam, darts hiſs, and helmets nod,
And hills of carnage dam the ſtreams of blood.
A muſe more ſacred, next the roll expands,
Which ſhook tall Sinai, and his heaving ſands:
From tented hoſts on Edom's ſultry plain,
O'er Egypt's warriors wakes the exulting ſtrain:
Impetuous chieftains Judah's GOD defy,
As fierce Rabſaces lifts his voice on high:
"March on, ye hoſts, by great Sennacherib led,
And tread each river from its marſhy bed.
Hark how the cedars of the mountain fall;
The lofty mound o'ertops proud Salem's wall;
While, as the clouds of arrows blot the day,
Like mildewed graſs, the Hebrew tribes decay."
And here the ſage, by reaſon's power refined,
Anatomizes all the tribes of mind;
Her various powers and faculties explores;
How ſhe collects, how treaſures wiſdom's ſtores.—

Or ſhows how, launched, the wandering comet runs,
Through different ſyſtems, circling different ſuns;
How countleſs ſuns are ſown through boundleſs ſpace,
And worlds around them roll with rapid race.
Bleſt they who nature's ſecret wonders ſcan,
Which unprofaned ſhe hides from vulgar man;
Whoſe raptured minds, with piercing ſkill, can trace
The circling fluids through their mazy race;
See through what channels, nature upward heaves
The nouriſhment of flowers, of fruits, and leaves;
What ſtrainers ſeparate each; what wondrous art
May due conſiſtencies, and forms impart;
The curious texture of the tubes ſurvey,
And from the pores ſee ſubtle odours play:
How the firm bones their ſtrength and grandeur lend,
And vitals ſoft from injury defend;
How principles, by nature prone to ſtrife,
Kindly conſpire to the ſupport of life:
Impelled through all the complicated frame,
How rapid fluids feed the vital flame:
Whence on the face the glowing beauties riſe,
And all the ſoul beams genuine from the eyes.
That curious chemiſt mark! whoſe keen deſire
Examines nature by tormenting fire;

And not content her form divine to view,
Dares ſearch her inmoſt ſoul by torture too.
In vain the artful goddeſs would eſcape,
By changing colour, and by ſhifting ſhape,
Diſcovered ſtill, through all her mazes chaſed,
Her deepeſt ſecrets are diſcloſed at laſt.
Ye ſacred Muſes! who my ſoul inſpire
With true devotion, and with fame's deſire;
From earlieſt youth, though ſtern and adverſe fate
Has chained me diſtant from your ſacred ſeat;
Yet on that ſeat may every power divine
Propitious ſmile, and bid your glory ſhine
O'er all the earth, and, as from Athens, riſe
Till your immortal ſplendors fill the ſkies.
But while ſage learning claims the ſtudent's care,
More gay aſſemblies call the gay and fair.
At once the ſhining ſtreet moves all alive;
Chair urges chair, and chaiſes chaiſes drive;
Where aukward fops the glittering beaux envy;
Olivia ſickens at Belinda's eye;
Artful coquets alluring glances wield,
And rakes expect the coyeſt prudes to yield.
If churches are not ſanctuaries found,
But beaux will ſigh, and beauty's glances wound;

What thrilling tremors muſt the ſoul invade,
When dancing fires, and melting airs perſuade;
When every potent charm of ſhape and face,
From dreſs and motion draws reſiſtleſs grace!
But happier they who temperate mirth approve,
Who joy with reaſon, and with virtue love;
Who unelated taſte of bliſs below,
And firmly bear inevitable woe:
For ſtill when pleaſure gilds the ſmiling ſcene,
The ſabler hues of woe will intervene.

Mark where the wedding-gueſts in order move,
Arrayed in white, and breathing joy and love:
The bride her timid wiſhes ſeems to ſpeak,
By the faint bluſh that trembles on her cheek:
The muſic leads, the maidens haſte away,
With dance and banquet to conclude the day.

The mournful funeral, ſlow, proceeds behind,
Arrayed in black, the heavy head declined:
Wide yawns the grave; dull tolls the ſolemn bell;
Dark lie the dead; and long the laſt farewell:
There muſic ſounds, and dancers ſhake the hall;
But here the ſilent tears inceſſant fall.
Ere mirth can well her comedy begin,
The tragic demon oft comes thundering in,

Confounds the actors, damps the merry ſhow,
And turns the loudeſt laugh to deepeſt woe.
But huſh, my muſe! thy moral ſiſters frown,
Wear thy wild flowers, nor hope a nobler crown:
Enough for thee thy rural haunts to prize,
Where ſcenes ſo mournful ſeldom wound our eyes;
Where ſoft and calm the happy moments flow,
And diſtant far are heard the ſounds of woe.
But ah! the wounds ſo ſeldom felt ſink deep,
And ears unharaſſed long the ſound will keep.
Who heeds diſtreſs, or hears the mourner's ſigh,
Where buſtling crowds bid ſage reflection fly?
Juſtled and preſſing through the crowded ſtreet,
Where cart ſtops cart, and burdens burdens meet,
Where hammered anvil, carriage, frame, and loom,
Far-ſounding bell, loud mill, and thundering drum,
Rudely at once the tortured ear invade,
In deafening ſounds, tumultuouſly conveyed:
Where ſhining ſhops diſplay their tempting doors;
Where trade preſents to ſight her precious ſtores;
Where on the 'Change the gay-dreſt merchant ſhines,
The wretch unheeded in the dungeon pines.
Lo! as each ancient edifice retires,
Taller and taller ſhoot the ſtately ſpires:

So far the domes which modern riches raiſe
Tranſcend the cells of good St. Mungo's days!
Prophetic ſeer, whoſe viſionary eye
Saw Glaſgow's glory in the future lie;
The venerable ſage, whom long of yore
To Scotia's heir a Pictiſh princeſs bore,
But, nurſed in ſecret in a hermit's cell,
To heaven reſigned, he bade the world farewell,
Save when he called the ſcaly brood, to bring,
From the dark ſtream, his mother's plighted ring.

Let Glasgow flourish! ſtill in grandeur riſe,
Still rear her ſtately fabrics to the ſkies;
In trade and riches riſe, by ſwift degrees,
To rival London, empreſs of the ſeas:
Still may her ſhips to diſtant regions run,
Beyond the riſing or the ſetting ſun,
Till Clyde's broad boſom can no longer greet
The rolling tide that wafts the paſſing fleet.

Kelvin, a ſtream that ſlept inglorious long,
Shall riſe to fame, and ſhine in future ſong;
Where fable artiſts match the ancient fame
Of Lemnos, or of Ætna's mightier name;
Who bend the ſtubborn ſteel in ſmouldering fire,
Rend it to rods, or wring to ductile wire:

Enormous tubes, like roaring tempeſts, ſound;
Loud ring the anvils as the blows go round:
Scarce Ætna ſaw a more tremendous fight,
Her red cells glowing with infernal light;
Where, drenched with ſweat, with ſmoking ſulphur dun,
Toiled her vaſt brood, who never ſaw the ſun:
Nor e'er were forged in Ætna's dreary caves,
Where the red lava rolls his burning waves,
More awful weapons of deſtructive might,
Than thoſe dire tubes that thin the ranks of fight.

Through Carron's channel, now with Kelvin joined,
The wondering barks a ready paſſage find:
The ſhips, on ſwelling billows wont to riſe,
On ſolid mountains climb to ſcale the ſkies;
Old ocean ſees the fleets forſake his floods,
Sail the firm land, the mountains and the woods;
And ſafely thus conveyed, they dread no more
Rough northern ſeas which round the Orkneys roar.

Not thus the wave of Forth was joined to Clyde,
When Rome's broad rampart ſtretched from tide to tide,
With bulwarks ſtrong, with towers ſublimely crowned,
While winding tubes conveyed each martial ſound.
To guard the legions from their painted foes,
By vaſt unwearied toil the rampire roſe;

When, fierce in arms, the Scot, by Carron's ſhore,
Reſigned, for war, the chace and mountain boar;
As the chaffed lion, on his homeward way,
Returns for vengeance, and forgets the prey.
By Camelon's towers, with Pictiſh ſplendor crowned,
And ancient grandeur, ſtretched the mighty mound;
Swept with broad trench o'er Falkirk's fatal plain,
Still red with gore of Scotian heroes ſlain;
Where dauntleſs Bute, with his brave Brandons, ſtood,
Till the wide plain was ſlippery with their blood;
Where gallant Graham, devoted, ſcorned to fly;
And Wallace ſaw his faireſt laurels die.

But Carron's bank a fairer fame may crave,
Than from a chieftain's death, or hero's grave.
For Eaſtern wealth ſhall here with Weſtern meet,
And both the Indies load the bending fleet;
The Engliſh tar ſhall, frowning, turn his eye,
From fields of battle where his fathers lie;
Dread Bannockburn, to Scots the deareſt boaſt,
Of fields moſt fatal to an Engliſh hoſt;
Where Bruce claimed freedom, or a glorious grave;
Nor victory could deſert a band ſo brave;
And Norman Edward ſaw his ſtandards fall,
Like Rome's proud trophies, on the Roman wall;

When elder Graham led on his mountain band,
And razed the rampart broad from ſtrand to ſtrand.
From Graham a fruitful race of heroes ſprings,
Dreadful in war! and true to Scotia's kings;
But great Montroſe ſtands foremoſt of the line,
A chief with ancient heroes doomed to ſhine;
Fate in his arm, his very name an hoſt,
His conquering ſtandards flew from coaſt to coaſt.
Where Scotſtown ſhines afar with ſnowy light,
And beauteous Renfield captivates the ſight,
His ample mirror Clyde to both diſplays,
Where each her image with delight ſurveys:
So at one glaſs two rival beauties ſtand,
Their charms admiring, one on either hand:
Now ſelf-approved, each looks with lofty ſcorn;
Now ſinks each boſom, with black envy torn:
Now triumph flaſhes from each lovely eye;
Now pride, deſponding, heaves the unwilling ſigh.
Where the proud bridge on ſtately arches rides,
And from his height ſurveys the ſlumbering tides,
No motion dares his amorous ſloth moleſt,
Or ruffle Renfield's image on the breaſt
Of tranquil Cart, who holds his ſilent way
Where Cathcart's race maintain their ancient ſway.

Of all the clans that grace fair Renfrew's ſoil,
The firſt in power appears the potent Lyle,
Whoſe blood with graceful Eglinton's ſtill blends,
In Pollock's veins and Houſton's ſtill deſcends.
The Denniſtons, of ancient wealth and fame;
The Crawfords brave, an old illuſtrious name!
Lindſay's high blood with ancient Barclay's joins,
And firſt of Scotiſh Earls in glory ſhines.
Here Wallace ſhone, a race of matchleſs might,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in fight!
The fame of Wallace never can expire,
While Scotiſh breaſts heroic deeds admire.
And friendſhip hither Roſs from England drew,
The royal Bruce's fortunes to purſue:
And hence the faithful race of Erſkine ſprings,
Marr's lords, the guardians of our youthful kings;
To whom an ancient nation dared intruſt
Their future hopes, and ever found them juſt.
But high o'er all, the chiefs of Banquo's race,
Illuſtrious Stewarts dignified the place.

Here, raiſed upon a verdant mount ſublime,
To heaven complaining of the wrongs of time,
And ruthleſs force of ſacrilegious hands,
Crookſtone, their ancient ſeat, in ruins ſtands;

Nor Clyde's whole courſe an ampler proſpect yields,
Of ſpacious plains, and well improven fields;
Which, here, the gently riſing hills ſurround,
And, there, the cloud-ſupporting mountains bound;
Now fields with ſtately dwellings thronger charged,
And populous cities, by their trade enlarged.
Here youthful Shaws, by vigorous induſtry,
Aſpires in fame with ancient towns to vie;
Fair Paiſley imitates, who juſtly boaſts
Her manufactures, famed on foreign coaſts:
For fine invention o'er the work preſides,
And neat dexterity the ſhuttle guides.

By Crookſtone Caſtle waves the ſtill-green yew,
The firſt that met the royal Mary's view,
When, bright in charms, the youthful princeſs led
The graceful Darnley to her throne and bed:
Emboſſed in ſilver, now, its branches green
Tranſcend the myrtle of the Paphian queen.

But dark Langſide, from Crookſtone viewed afar,
Still ſeems to range in pomp the rebel war.
Here, when the moon rides dimly through the ſky,
The peaſant ſees broad dancing ſtandards fly,
And one bright female form, with ſword and crown,
Still grieves to view her banners beaten down.

But Finlayſton demands the choiceſt lays;
A generous muſe's theme in former days,
When ſoft Montgomery poured the rural lay;
Whether he ſung the vermeil dawn of day,
Or, in the myſtic wreath, to ſoothe his woe,
Twined the red CHERRY with the ſable SLOE;
Each charming ſound reſiſtleſs love inſpired;
Soft love, reſiſtleſs, every boſom fired;
Of love the waters murmured in their fall;
And echo ſounds of love returned to all:
Trembling with love, the beauteous ſcene impreſt
Its amorous image on the Firth's fair breaſt;
The ſcene, ennobled by the lofty dome,
Where great Glencairn has fixed his ſplendid home;
Whoſe breaſt the firm integrity inſpires,
And ſcorn of ſlavery, that adorned his ſires.
When daring Becket, with rebellious pride,
The Engliſh Henry's majeſty defied,
The power of Rome againſt his ſovereign led,
Aiming her thunders at his ſacred head;
Then, near the throne, to guard the monarch, ſtood
A youth of Scotiſh Morville's lofty blood:
From his bold hand the felon found his doom;
And when the monarch meanly bent to Rome,

His brave avenger fought his native plain,
Where dauntleſs freedom holds eternal reign :
From him the faithful Cunninghams deſcend ;
Still firſt their country's freedom to defend.
See, old Alclutha to the fight diſplays
Her rock, impregnable in ancient days ;
Frowns like old Ilium, mid her waters placed,
Its baſe by Clyde and Leven's tide embraced :
From the broad ſtream its whitening ſummits riſe,
Like famed Parnaſſus, towering to the ſkies.
And here, remote, the Latian muſes came,
When Italy had loſt her former fame.
As on this new Parnaſſus they repoſe,
Their ſacred ſpring between its ſummits roſe ;
They bade the rock that far-famed thiſtle yield,
Which glorious ſhines in Scotia's warlike ſhield ;
And on the margin of Levina's flood,
Their temple, famed for ancient learning, ſtood.
Buchanan ſweeps the ſweet Horatian lyre,
With Latian ſoftneſs, and with Grecian fire ;
Or, while hiſtoric themes his ſoul engage,
Shines forth the Livy of each modern age.
In later days, here dauntleſs Smollett roſe,
Who ſung with filial ardour Scotia's woes ;

Who, like Buchanan in the hiſtoric page,
Fearleſs pourtrayed the crimes of every age.
Here Cambria's monarchs held their mighty reign,
Till Rome's proud eagles ſeized their fair domain.
When Fingal, firſt of men, his warriors led
From Morven's hills to Carron's ſedgy bed,
With him was Oſcar ſwift, Diarmed ſtrong,
And Oſſian, maſter of the tuneful ſong:
With dark diſdain, the mountain heroes eyed
The troops of Cambria on the tyrant's ſide:
They bade the blaſt howl round the ruined walls,
And beaſts obſcene frequent the lonely halls:
From ſhattered ſpires the ſcreaming owls were heard;
Howling through windows waſte the wolf appeared;
Till Leven's ſtream, that ſcorns by ſlow degrees
To riſe, but from its ſource a river ſees,
Ruſhed on reſiſtleſs, with ungoverned force,
And ſwept the ancient bulwarks in its courſe;
From their firm ſeats their deep foundations tore,
And ſunk the ruins, to be ſeen no more.
How wide the lake in limpid beauty ſmiles,
Round the green yews that ſhade the Lomond iſles;
While proud Benlomond riſes huge and vaſt,
To bar eternally the northern blaſt.

That charming isle! the distant sight deceives,
Which floats, like Delos, on the ambient waves:
There Delos' god, deceived, first pours his beams,
The dome so like his ancient temple seems.
Clyde, now a sea, affects a wide command,
And far his mighty arms invade the land;
Far pour his lakes, and pierce the solid ground!
Scarce their wide sway the heathy mountains bound;
Where Campbells, sprung of old O'Dubin's race,
Old as their hills, still rule their native place.
No ancient chief could, like O'Dubin, wield
The weighty war, or range the embattled field;
Unmoving bear the shock of charging foes,
Pierce thronged battalions, or their ranks inclose.
Hence the admiring Gaul, preserved in fight
From furious Normans by the hero's might,
Him Campbell called; and no heroic name
Is farther heard, or better known to fame.
Descended from the fame illustrious line,
See noble Loudon, first of heroes, shine:
Far distant realms his matchless prowess own,
Who propped the tottering Lusitanian throne.
Mark Ardencaple, noble Frederick's seat;
A chief politely wise, humanely great:

But fairer Roſeneath's towers, where, ſpreading wide,
Rolls on the mighty majeſty of Clyde,
From Lennox hills, which, towering, prop the ſky,
To where his fleets in ſpacious harbours lie;
Where, crowned with wood, fair hills embrace the bay,
Where Newport ſmiles in youthful luſtre gay;
Where the broad marſh, a ſhuddering ſurface, lies,
Fair Greenock's ſpires in new-born beauty riſe;
And many an infant city riſes round,
Emerging ſwiftly from the teeming ground;
So poets tell, that by prolific Nile,
Whole nations iſſued from the marſhy ſoil;
And if the muſe can future fates divine,
They all at laſt in one vaſt port ſhall join;
While groves of maſts aloft in ether riſe,
And cordage warping wide obſcures the ſkies.
As in the film-winged bee's induſtrious hive,
Some ſtretch their wings for flight, and ſome arrive,
Some treaſure in their cells the golden ſtore,
And ſome, adventurous, ſail in queſt of more;
So fleets arriving here with every gale,
Within the port ſhall drop the flying ſail;
While ſome departing ſhall their wings diſplay,
To greet the riſing, or the falling day;

While foreign wealth by buſy hands is ſtored,
Or Britiſh manufactures borne aboard:
Arabia far ſhall ſend her rich perfumes;
Perſia the ſhining product of her looms;
With ſpices kindled in hot Ceylon's air,
And China's painted vaſes for the fair.

But let the ſailors ſhun the faithleſs ſhore
Behind the Cumbrays, where white ſurges roar;
Bend to the eaſt, where Clyde runs dark and deep,
His borders edged with precipices ſteep;
Where in a ſweet receſs, by hills embraced,
Ardgowan's chieftain has his manſion placed;
Its view extending o'er the weſtern main,
Where iſles unnumbered deck the liquid plain.

Where Bute's green boſom ſpreads to meet the day,
Round Rothſay's towers the morning ſun-beams play,
That, like her chief, ſuperior and ſerene,
Smiles o'er the murmurs of the curling main:
Mid groves with undiminiſhed verdure gay,
She mocks the waves, and laughs the ſtorms away;
And bids her Brandons, mid the ranks of fame,
Aſpiring riſe, and claim a nation's name;
A Cambrian race, whoſe arms durſt long deride
The Scotiſh laurels, and the Norman pride.

Oppoſed to Bute, upon the eaſtern ſhore,
Broad Largs expands, red with Norwegian gore;
Where, ſtern in arms, his forehead trenched with ſcars,
Stout Acho led the laſt of Lochlin's wars:
His peopled keels, the ſerpents of the main,
To ſtormy Norway never ſteered again:
In vain on Scotia's coaſt his legions poured,
Whelmed by the wave, or ſlaughtered by the ſword;
Where with his peers, to guard his ancient throne,
Clad in bright ſteel, great Alexander ſhone.

Now Arran's hills their rocky ſummits ſhow,
Crowned with denſe miſts, that ſhine like winter's ſnow.
Deep in the baſe a ſpacious cave is found,
By Fingal's proud immortal name renowned;
Where gallant Bruce and Douglas lurked concealed,
Till called by victory to the crimſon field.
Far look thy mountains, Arran, o'er the main,
And far o'er Cunningham's extenſive plain;
From Loudon hill, and Irvine's ſilver ſource,
Through all her links, they trace the river's courſe;
View many a town, in hiſtory's page enrolled;
Decayed Kilwinning, and Ardroſſan old;
Kilmarnock low, that mid her plains retires,
And youthful Irvine that to fame aſpires.

In neighbouring Kyle, our earlieſt annals boaſt,
Great Coilus fell, with all his Britiſh hoſt:
His antique form, with ſilver ſhining bright,
In pleaſant Caprington delights the ſight.
From Carrick's coaſt, and Gallovidia's ſhores,
Clyde's ample ſea in waves tremendous roars,
To where Kintyre, beneath the evening ſkies
Stretching a mighty length, among the billows lies.
See towering Ailſa o'er the waters riſe;
Beneath the ſeas his deep foundation lies:
Hoarſe round his rugged roots the ocean roars,
And high above the clouds his ſummit ſoars:
White wreaths of miſt o'er his huge ſhoulders hang;
Round his ſtrong ſides unnumbered ſea-fowls clang;
The royal falcon, and the bird of Jove,
Dare only ſcale the ſteep, and ſpread their wings above.
There late, ſublime, the powers of ocean ſate,
Spectators of the gallant Thurot's fate;
Whoſe generous ſoul beheld, with brave diſdain,
His country's laurels blaſted on the main.
Hark! as the ſea-ſhrieks in confuſion riſe,
Through all his ſhores majeſtic Clyde replies;
Till, ſinking ſlow, the mimic thunders fall,
And Elliot's genius triumphs o'er the Gaul.

Dear parent ſtream! may ſtill thy happy plains
Rejoice in peace, and plenty bleſs thy ſwains;
May ſtill thy daughters charm with every grace
Of mind, of manners, figure, air and face;
Still may thy fleets, by hardy ſeamen manned,
Extend fair Albion's ſway from land to land;
As lately Phœbus, in his ſpacious round,
Saw, in each clime, our hoſts with conqueſt crowned.
In vain proud Gallia poured her legions forth,
To match the iron warriors of the North:
The German plains were fattened with her blood,
Her commerce ruined, and her fleets ſubdued.
Her heroes ſlain, ſhe trembles as ſhe boaſts,
While Britiſh thunders roar around her coaſts.
And veteran Spain, who ſtill the pride diſplays,
Without the vigour, of her happier days,
Beheld, with terror and amazement filled,
Manilla ſtormed, and ſtrong Havannah yield:
Shrunk in diſmay, where'er her flag unfurled,
Till Britain roſe the umpire of the world.

At that bright era, as the feſtive ſound
Of peace, loud echoed earth and ocean round,
Roſe from his ſtream the majeſty of Clyde,
His beauteous conſort, Dara, by his ſide;

And round them every tributary flood;
Each leaning on his urn, attentive ſtood:
Glengonnar's dangerous ſtream was ſtained with lead;
Fillets of wool bound dark Dunneeten's head:
With corn-ears crowned, the ſifter Maidens roſe,
And Mouſe, whoſe mining ſtream in coverts flows;
Black Douglas, drunk by heroes far renowned,
And turbid Nethan's front, with alders bound;
Calder, with oak around his temples twined,
And Kelvin, Glaſgow's boundary flood deſigned;
Cart's ſombre ſtream, which deep and ſilent moves,
Where kings and queens of old indulged their loves;
Leven, which growth and infancy diſdains,
Ruſhing in ſtrength mature upon the plains.

To whom the parent flood: "My children dear,
The feſtive ſounds of peace ſalute mine ear.
Henceforth our peaceful ports, from inſult free,
Anchored ſecure, their loaded fleets ſhall ſee;
And, to my honour, happy worlds ſhall know,
They to a ſon of mine their ſafety owe;
Great Bute, who, warm with patriot zeal, aroſe,
To ſtill wild war, and give the world repoſe:
And having done the good his heart deſired,
Scorning reward, to ſhades obſcure retired:

For all he valued was already given,
Approven of his ſoul, his prince, and heaven;
He calmly ſmiled. Eclipſed ambition raved
To ſee a world by worth ſuperior ſaved.

Advance, ye Fates! bid future times diſplay
Fair eras bright with many a glorious day;
When time ſhall ripen what the paſt began,
And freedom execute her mighty plan.
The ſavage tribes, with long benighted eyes,
Shall gaze on opening heaven with glad ſurpriſe:
Virtue and truth ſhall flouriſh unconfined,
And knowledge, nurſed by freedom of the mind;
Till every race, in mutual love, conſpire
To live as children of one common ſire;
And grateful earth ſhall own theſe bleſſings given
By the kind care of Britain, and of Heaven;
The general anthem ſhall to Heaven aſcend;
The world her ſtores to Britain's ports ſhall ſend;
From every ſea, arriving fleets ſhall ride,
Proud of their wealth, and my broad boſom hide."

The river ſaid; and from the top aſcends,
Sublime in air, and all his court attends,
To meet the ſun's deſcent in weſtern ſkies,
And mark the airy landſcapes as they riſe:

White mountain clouds, whoſe tops as bright appear
As Zembla's glittering froſt-rocks hung in air:
Low ſink well imitated vales between,
And ſhaggy cliffs o'er black abyſſes lean;
Woods ſhake on high the ſwift diſſolving ſhade,
While towns, with ſpires and turrets fair, pourtrayed,
And magic caſtles lofty heaven invade.
Now, lively painted with the ſetting ray,
The ſhining clouds adorn departing day.
As Phœbus ſinks ſerene in ſplendor bright,
Behind him flows a ſea of golden light,
To tinge the ſkirts of clouds with purple glow,
And all the hues which gild the watery bow;
The various ſhades of light it ceaſeleſs tries,
And, ſunk at laſt in deepeſt ſable, dies;
When, mild and ſoft, the evening dew deſcends,
As lovers' ſighs, or words of parting friends.
But as he from the amber plains retires,
Brighter and ſtronger flame the heavenly fires;
And Phebe from the eaſt, advancing bright,
Majeſtic moves along, the queen of night:
Benighted travellers bleſs her friendly rays;
From trembling ſtreams a ſilver radiance plays:
To needful reſt retire the nymphs and ſwains,
And ſolemn ſilence reigns o'er all the plains.

FINIS.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

PRELIMINARY DISSERTATION.

P. 19. l. 4. All Wilſon's publications ſeem to have eſcaped the notice of the Reviewers, except the Dramatic Eſſay, 1760, which was noticed in the following terms by the Monthly Reviewer, who commends the author's modeſty for terming his production an Eſſay rather than a Drama.—"The author of this poetical eſſay has kept very cloſe to the hiſtory, having added little of the circumſtances of the ſtory, beſide a number of moral ſentiments, judiciouſly interſperſed, and generally well expreſſed; the piece being, indeed, unequally written; ſome parts of it preſuming more in favour of the author's genius, than other parts of it are able to ſupport. The verſe is not poetry; and the ear of the Engliſh reader will frequently be offended with the ſounds of certain Scoticiſms, which ſhould never preſume to make their appearance on this ſide the Tweed *."

Hume of Godſcroft, in a copy of verſes on the event which is the ſubject of this drama, and which are

* Monthly Review, Vol. XXIII. p. 526.

preſerved in his hiſtory, Vol. I. p. 289. had declared the ſubject worthy of the tragic muſe:

Veſtra Sophocleo cædes eſt digna cothurno,
Veſtra Thyeſteâ cœna cruenta magis;
Vos ſcelere atque dolis, vos proditione necati,
Inſontes, puerique et patriæ proceres.

PART I.

Page 44. v. 169. According to Henry the Minſtrel, Wallace married the daughter of "Hew Braidfute," and heireſs of Lammington; a circumſtance which gave great offence to Heſilrig, or, as Fordun terms him, Heſliope, the Engliſh ſherriff of Lanerk, whoſe ſon had deſired this match. The revenge taken by Heſilrig was equally daſtardly and cruel: Wallace having been overpowered in a ſudden rencontre at Lanark, eſcaped to Cartland Craigs; but his innocent lady was put to death by her diſappointed and mercileſs ſuitor *.

Numerous places in Clydeſdale bear the name of Wallace; and the memory of that hero is preſerved in ſongs and traditions, not only in that diſtrict, but in the Border and Highlands. He is celebrated by Jonſton

* Henry's Wallace, Vol. I. p. 121. 1790.

in a ſtrain ſuperior to what that author generally aſſumes:

GULIELMUS VALLAS

Robore, mente, animis ingens, ingentior auſis,
Quem tibi, quem dederint ſecula priſca parem?
Romani arma gerunt, ſubnixi viribus orbis;
Vires, arma, orbis, dextera ſola tua:
Nil non pro patria geris, et pro te nihil unquam *.

P. 45. v. 187. The hiſtorical alluſion in this paſſage, is probably to the capture of the Duc d'Aquillain and Melampe privateers, by Captain Lockhart of the Tartar frigate; a commander who afterwards greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the Britiſh naval ſervice. This popular derivation of the name of Lockhart is certainly erroneous, as the name occurs in charters at a period long anterior to Sir Symon Lockharde de Lee et Cartland, who accompanied James Lord Douglas to Spain, on his journey to the Holy Land. But, in the anecdotes of family hiſtory introduced into this poem, the author has ſeldom recourſe to better authority than Abercrombie.

P. 50. v. 321. The alluſions to the hiſtory of Douglas, in this paſſage, refer chiefly to circumſtances narrated in Hume of Godſcroft's hiſtory. The traditions on which the hiſtory of the family of Douglas is founded, are certainly of Gaelic extraction, and may probably be ſtill preſerved in ſome of the genealogical verſes of Gaelic tradition. It is to be regretted that no attempt has been made to preſerve the traditionary hiſtory of the Highland clans, to record which was the principal occu-

* Joh. Jonſtoni Heroes Scot. p. 9.

pation of the bards during the latter periods of their hiſtory. Buchanan of Auchmar ſeems to deduce the origin of Douglas from the famous Thane Macduff of Fife *. Defoe thus celebrates the clan :

> Douglas, with native dignities adorned,
> Ancient beyond record : records they ſcorned :
> The world's the general record of their houſe,
> When hiſtories are ſilent and abſtruſe,——
> A race of princes from their fruitful ſtem,
> Has been a living hiſtory to them.
> The nations willing honours did afford,
> And theſe cut out their glory by the ſword :
> For, 'twas the early fortunes of their blood
> To have their worth both crowned and underſtood.
> Princes by their ſtrong ſwords poſſeſt their crowns,
> And grateful France their ancient glory owns †.

Jonſton, in his HEROES SCOT. has alſo borne ample teſtimony to their fame :

> Unde mihi ſurgunt tot Martia nomina gentis ?
> Quis locus his, aut qua parte locanda feram ?
> Scipiadæ, Decii, hîc, aſſertorefque Camilli,
> Et quotquot celebrat Martia Roma duces.
> Hos ubi jam ſiſtam ? vel quonam carmine cunctos
> Exequar ? an paria his me dare poſſe putem ‡ ?

P. 54. v. 408. According to ſome antiquaries, the anceſtor of Somerville accompanied Edgar Atheling, the

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* Buchanan's Inquiry into the Genealogy and Preſent State of ancient Scotiſh Surnames, p. 14.

† Defoe's Caledonia, p. 43.

‡ Joh. Jonſtoni Heroes Scot.

grandſon of Edmund Ironſide, on his return from Hungary, whither his father had been ſent by the King of Sweden, to whoſe cuſtody he had been committed by Canute the Dane. By the exertions of Malcolm IV. of Scotland, Edgar was reſtored to his patrimonial eſtate. CUTHALLY, the ancient caſtle of the Somervilles, the ruins of which ſtill exiſt in the vicinity of Carnwath, is commonly pronounced *Cowdaily;* whence the punning ſpirit of tradition has taken occaſion to ſay, that it derived its name from the daily ſlaughter of a cow for the board of Somerville, alluded to in the poem.

P. 54. v. 417. It may not be unpleaſing to the reader, to compare Wilſon's deſcription of the falls of the Clyde, with that given by Mr. William Lockhart of Baronald, in the Statiſtical Account of the Pariſh of Lanark:

"The uppermoſt fall is ſomewhat above two and a half miles from Lanark, and from the eſtate on which it is ſituated, is called the Bonniton Fall or Lin. From Bonniton houſe, a very neat and elegant modern building, you arrive at the Lin, by a moſt romantic walk along the Clyde, leaving the pavilion and Corra Lin upon your right hand. At ſome little diſtance from the fall, the walk, leading to a rock that juts out and overhangs the river, brings you all at once within ſight of this beautiful ſheet of water; but no ſtranger reſts ſatisfied with this view; he ſtill preſſes onwards along the walk, till from the rock immediately above the Lin, he ſees the whole body of the river precipitate itſelf into the chaſm below. The rock over which it falls is upwards of twelve feet of perpendicular height, from which the Clyde

makes one precipitate tumble, or leap, into a hollow den; whence fome of it again recoils in froth and fmoking miſt. Above, the river exhibits a broad, expanded, and placid appearance, beautifully environed with plantations of foreſt trees. This appearance is ſuddenly changed at the fall: and, below it, the river is narrow, contracted, and angrily boils and thunders among rocks and precipices.

" The fame beautiful and romantic walk conducts you back again, along the precipice that overhangs the river, both ſides of which are environed by mural rocks, equidiſtant and regular, forming, as Mr. Pennant expreſſes it, a "*ſtupendous natural maſonry;*" from whoſe crevices, choughs, daws, and other wild birds, are inceſſantly ſpringing. You deſcend along the river for about half a mile, till you arrive at the *Corra Lin*, ſo called from an old caſtle and eſtate upon the oppoſite bank. The old caſtle of Corra, overhanging a high rock that overlooks the fall, with Corra houſe, and the rocky and woody banks of the Clyde, form of themſelves a beautiful and grand *coup d'oeil*: But nothing can equal the ſtriking and ſtupendous appearance of the fall itſelf, which, when viewed from any of the different ſeats placed here and there along the walks, muſt fill every unaccuſtomed beholder with awe and aſtoniſhment. The tremendous rocks around, the old caſtle upon the oppoſite bank, a corn mill in the rock below, the furious and impatient ſtream foaming over the rock, the horrid chaſm and abyſs underneath your feet, heightened by the hollow murmur of the water and the ſcreams of wild birds, form

at once a ſpectacle both tremendous and pleaſing. A ſummer-houſe or pavilion is ſituated over a high rocky bank, that overlooks the Lin, built by Sir James Carmichael of Bonniton in 1708. From its uppermoſt room it affords a very ſtriking proſpect of the fall; for all at once, on throwing your eyes towards a mirror on the oppoſite ſide of the room from the fall, you ſee the whole tremendous cataract pouring as it were upon your head. The Corra Lin, by a late meaſurement, is found to be 84 feet in height. The river does not ruſh over in one uniform ſheet like the Bonniton Lin, but in three different, though almoſt imperceptible, precipitate leaps. On the ſouthern bank, and when the ſun ſhines, a rainbow is perpetually ſeen forming itſelf upon the miſt and fogs, ariſing from the violent daſhing of the waters—— *."

"The next fall of conſequence is the Stonebyres Lin, ſituated about two and a half miles below the Corra Lin. It is ſo called from the neighbouring eſtate of Stonebyres, belonging to Daniel Vere, Eſq.; but the grounds adjacent to the fall, on both ſides of the river, have lately been feued or purchaſed by Mr. Dale. This cataract, which is about eighty feet in height, is the *ne plus ultra* of the ſalmon, as none can poſſibly get above it, although their endeavours, in the ſpawning ſeaſon, are inceſſant and amuſing. It is equally romantic with the others; and like the Corra Lin, has three diſtinct, but almoſt precipitate falls. Wild rugged rocks are equally viſible

* Statiſtical Account of Scotland, Vol. XV. p. 20.

here, and they are equally fringed with wood; the trees however are by no means so tall and stately, being composed of coppice wood *."

P. 57. v. 489. Fordun, Lesley, Buchanan, and Wyntown, have mentioned the regulations established by King Kenneth at Lanark. But D. M'Pherson, the learned editor of Wyntown, has ingeniously conjectured, that the superior reputation of the warlike Kenneth has in this instance appropriated what is more justly due to the peaceful genius of his brother Dovenald, who revived the institutions of that ancient legislator, Hed-Fyn †.

P. 61. v. 587. The following description of wild and garden fruits, present a favourable specimen of the "The Don," a loco-descriptive poem, and may be compared by the curious reader with Wilson's delineation of the appearances of forest and fruit trees:

> What though no olive-trees adorn the plain,
> Nor juicy grapes intoxicate the brain;
> Nor citron groves, delightful to the eye,
> Whose juice completes Italian luxury;
> Yet still you find our mountain-trees produce
> Fruits full as good, and fit for human use ‡.——
> The soil, though thin, due nourishment supplies,
> And, without art, the beauteous berries rise;
> Some black, some blue, and some whose red can vie
> With brightest scarlet of rich Tyrian dye:

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* Statistical Account of Scotland, Vol. XV. p. 23.

† Chron. Pict. ap. Innes, p. 783.

‡ The Don; a Poem, p. 17.

The wholeſome everans *, which by proof we know
Exceeds in ſweetneſs moſt of fruits that grow,
'Mongſt woodrip † riſing, beautifies the ſhow.
The beſt of liquorice other ſoils produce,
Is far inferior to the knapperts' ‡ juice.
Dug from the ground, waſhed in the bubbling ſpring,
Dryed in the ſun, in baſkets home they bring;
In wooden cans, within the ſhady bower,
Upon the roots they cryſtal water pour;
Which drunk next day is exquiſitely good,
Both fit for health, and to digeſt the food §.——
Whilſt all the ſpring and ſummer, after rain
The birchen wood perfumes the little plain.
So ſweet, ſo pleaſant is the fragrant ſmell,
That few Arabian ſcents can this excel ‖.——
Here you ſhall view the garden trees below,
With all the various fruits that on them grow.
Vaſt choice of apples, pears and plums you'll ſee,
Bending the branches of each fruitful tree:
The golden pippin, for preſerving famed,
Above all other apples can be named,
Claims the firſt place, ſince both in taſte and ſmell,
Its flavorous reliſh does the reſt excel.
Next it, the oſlin, for a ſavoury taſte
Is much eſteemed, and thought by ſome the beſt:
The large and ruddy apples, which alone
With their own weight make ſpreading branches groan;

* Everans is a berry that grows upon the tops of hills, and reſembles a mulberry, but of a yellowiſh colour when ripe.

† Woodrip is a kind of wild lavander, but has a much finer ſmell.

‡ Knapperts is a root that taſtes like liquorice, but is much ſweeter.

§ The Don; a Poem, p. 18. ‖ Ibid. p. 23.

Thefe in due feafon from the tree we take,
And with the prefs, the choiceft cyder make.
Nor muft we here forget the currant-bufh,
In hedges fet, which with red berries bluſh.
On prickly ſhrubs the goofeberries appear,
Large as the walnut, like the filver clear:
Of them, juſt as of currants, here you find
Some black, fome white, the red and yellow kind.
Each lofty tree here in abundance bears
The beſt of bergamots, and other pears.
The balmy plums you may in order view,
In taſte and ſhape, of various kinds and hue;
Who yield in reliſh unto none we know,
That in more ſouthern climes are wont to grow.
The apricots, the guins and cherries here,
Of fundry kinds, which their own ſtandards bear,
Have fragrant taſte, and various colours wear *.

Page 67. v. 729. Defoe in his "CALEDONIA," thus mentions the family of Hamilton:

The Hamiltons, of old allied to fame,
Illuſtrious in blood, and more in name:
In ancient wars, ere other lines begun,
Thefe had a length of towering fortunes run †.

P. 73. v. 861. The following defcription of the Scotiſh biſon occurs in Bellenden's Boece:

"In this wod (Calidon) wes ſum tyme quhit bullis, with criſp and curland mane, like feirs lionis; and

* The Don; a Poem, p. 23, 24. † Defoe's Caledonia, p. 46.

thoucht they feemed meik and tame in the remanent figure of thair bodyis, yai wer mair wyld than ony uther beiſtis; and had ſic hatrent aganis ye ſociete and cumpany of men, that thai come nevir in the woddis nor leſuris quhair thay fand ony feit or haynd thairof; and mony dayis efter thay eit nocht of the herbis that wer twichit or handillit be men. Thir bullis wer ſa wyld that thai wer nevir tane but ſlycht and crafty labour, and ſa impacient, that efter thair taking thay deit for importable doloure. Als ſone as ony man invadit thir bullis, thay ruſchit with ſo terrible preis on hym that thay dang hym to the eird, takand na feir of houndis, ſcharp lancis, nor uther maiſt penitrive wapinnis *."

Page 73. v. 871. This account of the different tempers diſplayed by Monmouth and Dundee in the battle of Bothwell-bridge, accords exactly with both hiſtory and tradition. It is alluded to in "The battle of Bothwell-bridge," a traditionary ballad of the Covenanters, ſtill current in Scotland, and which will be included in the third volume of that excellent work, "The Minſtrelſy of the Scotiſh Border." Both parties, in this religious conteſt, ſeem to have celebrated their reſpective cauſes in verſe. Cleland, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Cameronian regiment, who fell in the battle of Dunkeld, compoſed a long ſatirical poem "on the Highland hoſt, who came to deſtroy the weſtern ſhires in 1678," which is more

* Bellenden's Boece.

angry than witty; and, like the other poems of that author, publiſhed in 1697, it is equally defective in verſification and poetical imagery. He thus deſcribes the Highlanders:

Some might have judged they were the creatures
Called *Selfies*, whoſe cuſtoms and features,
Paracelſus doth deſcry
In his occult philoſophy,
Or Faunes, or Brownies, if ye will,
Or Satyrs come from Atlas' hill *.——
But thoſe who were their chief commanders,
As ſuch who bore the pirnie ſtandards,
Who led the van, and drove the rear,
Were right well mounted in their gear,
With brogues, trues, and pirnie plaids,
With good blue bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one ſide had a ſlipe,
Adorned with a tobacco-pipe;
With durk and ſnap-work and ſnuff-mill,
A bag which they with onions fill;
And, as their ſtrick obſervers ſay,
A tupe-horn filled with uſquebay;
A ſlaſht-out coat beneath her plaids;
A targe of timber nails and hides,
With a long two-handed ſword †.——
In nothing they're accounted ſharp,
Except in bag-pipe, and in harp ‡.——

Cleland repreſents the Highlanders as exhibiting

——more different poſtures
Than's ſewed on hangings, beds or bolſtures;

* Cleland's Poems, p. 11. † Ibid. p. 12. ‡ Ibid. p. 13.

More various actings, modes and ſtances,
Than's read in poems or romances.——
Pipes were playing, drums were beating,
Some ſnizeing, from their fellows getting.——
Trumpets ſounded, ſkeens were glancing;
Some were Tonald Cowper dancing *.——

He alludes to the inhabitants of Clydeſdale who had ſigned the bond of the Covenanters, in the following terms;

For Cliſdale's bonders, as ye ken,
Are ſcarcely reckoned amongſt men:
The tumid Earle, papiſt *Haggs*,
An atheiſt Jew, to ſave his baggs.—
Bedlu, with *Towcorſs* and *Woodhall*,
John Thomſon's man, plague on them all †.——

Cleland, like a true Preſbyterian, renounces the inſpiration of the Grecian muſes, and the far-famed waters of Parnaſſus; for, ſays he,

There's als much vertue, ſonce, and pith,
In Annan, or the water of Nith,
Which quietly ſlips by Dumfries,
Als any water in all Greece:
For there, and ſeveral other places,
About mill-dams, and green brae faces,
Both elrich elfs, and brownies ſtayed,
And green-gowned fairies daunced and played.

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* Cleland's Poems, p. 34. † Ibid. p. 43.

When old John Knox, and other fome,
Began to plott the baggs of Rome,
They fuddenly took to their heels,
And did no more frequent thefe fields *.

The rapacity of the Highlanders in the weſtern ſhires, ſeems to have rivalled that of the Pandoors and Coſſacs of modern days. It is thus deſcribed by our author :

They durk our tennents, ſhame our wives,
And we're in hazard of our lives;
They plunder horſe, and them they loaden
With coverings, blankets, ſheets and plaiden,
With hooding gray, and worſted ſtuff;
They ſell our tongs for locks of ſnuff:
They take our cultors and our ſoaks,
And from our doors they pull the locks:
They leave us neither ſhools nor ſpades,
And takes away our iron in laids:
They break our pleughs even when they're working;
We dare not hinder them for durking.
My lords! they ſo haraſs and wrong us,
There's ſcarce a pair of ſhoes among us:
And for blew bonnets they leave non
That they can get their clauts upon.
If any dare refuſe to give them,
They durk them, ſtrips them, and ſo leaves them.
They ripe for arms, but all they find
Is arms with them, leaves nought behind †.

Andrew Guild, author of a curious volume of Latin MS. poems, preſerved in the Advocates Library, Edin-

* Cleland's Poems, p. 59. † Ibid. p. 38.

burgh, W. 5. 14. eſpouſes the epiſcopalian cauſe with more inveteracy than ingenuity, and inſcribes his poems to Graham of Claverhouſe, in the following lines:

Magnifico, generoſe, tuo pro munere, GREME,
Accipe nunc animi, parvula dona, mei,
Carmina quæ, tenui, modulatur arundine, pauca,
Et cecinit, rudibus, noſtra Thalia, modis.
Horrida, peſtiferæ, hic cernes molimina, ſectæ,
Immaneſque auſus, facta cruenta, neces;
Quæque ſub eximia pietatis imagine fictæ,
Crimina, cum gemitu, turba ſceleſta tegit:
Mira quibus nunquam poterat clementia regis,
Aut venia, indignis jam ſatis eſſe data,
Gratia munifici regis, quæ, pectora fæva,
Lenire, et populi carnivori, poterat,
Atque Getas, Scythicas tribus, Arabeſque feroces
Mollire, haud illis, pectora dira valet:
Munere, nec capitur fanatica turba, nec ullis
Flectitur officiis, gens maleſana, bonis:
Sola quidem ſtrictæ, veneranda potentia legis
Armata et gladiis, hos retinere poteſt,
Hoc equidem docuiſtis, enim, ſpecimine digno,
Vos, columen patriæ tempus in omne tuæ.

In this ſtyle proceeds the invective of this Goth, or Vandal, or Hun; for in point of Latinity it is ſcarcely poſſible to be more barbarous; who appears to have been one of the laſt Scotiſh poets who employed the Latin language, and certainly one of them who leaſt deſerves to be known. How inferior is his ſtyle to that of the elegant Pitcairn! It muſt have been a great ſatisfaction to a Preſbyterian of the old ſchool, to ſee ſo much viru-

lence expreſſed in ſuch bad language. I ſelect the following characteriſtic paſſage from his "Phanaticorum Deſcriptio:"

Tortula, longiſono, proferunt qui verba boatu,
Quæ gravitatis erunt omina prima ſuæ,
Cum fera, tabificum, conſpirat prælia, pectus
Cum gemitu, fauces, ſeſquipedale ſonant.

In an invective on David Williamſon, he refers to a well-known adventure of that covenanter, which is ſuppoſed to have given origin to the popular Scotiſh ſong of "Dainty Davie:"

Num viduæ memor es, dominæ, cum forte cubili,
Militis, ut latitans, arma tremenda fugis?
Ut ſtatim amplexus, dederis te, in virginis imos,
Uberaque ut natæ preſſeris alba, ſalax?

The arms and military array of the Covenanters who formed round the ſtandard of Claverhouſe, taken at the ſkirmiſh of Lowdon-hill, and advanced to Bothwell-bridge, are deſcribed in the following paſſage:

At Gremi ablato vexillo, velut omine fauſto,
Undique collectis, coeunt in caſtra rebelles,
Viribus, aſt armis minime concordibus inſtant.
Cingitur exeſo, hic, ſcabra rubigine, ferro
Longurio aſt alius, ceſtra, aut ſtridente bipenni;
Tertius at rigidam geſtabat forte ſecurim:
Maxima pars, furcas geſtit criſpare biſulcas,
Surreptiſque armis, et equis quos flectere neſcit,
Exultat pars magna virûm, flammaſque vomentes

Congeſtant alii ſclopos, quos nuper aratro
Aſſueti, carbo bene vix diſplodere norunt.

The Bellum Bothwelianum, from which this paſſage is extracted, is of conſiderable length, and mentions ſome minute circumſtances of the engagement. One paſſage is curious:

Fama refert, ſtolidâ captum vertigine cœtum,
Sublimem erexiſſe crucem, de ſorte futurâ
Non dubium, quâ hoſtes poſſit ſuſpendere captos.

After this poem follows "Velitatio Cameroniana, ſive, Appendix Belli Bothweliani." The other poems of Guild are chiefly complimentary or valedictory. One of them is addreſſed to Sir Robert Dalyell. The author appears to have been educated at Aberdeen.

Colville, in his Scotiſh Hudibras, and afterwards Meſton, in his "Knight," both allude to the ſpirit of reſiſtance diſplayed by the Preſbyterians. The latter thus deſcribes "the Souterkin of reformation:"

In his broad hat, inſtead of feather,
The league and covenant together
He tied, and under hat-band ſticked,
And wore them like a burgeſs ticket.
A pair of gauntlet gloves he had
For boxing, and for preaching made,
With which he dealt his deadly blows,
And thumped the pulpit and his foes.
Well verſed he was in both the trades
Of handling texts and rufty blades:

And many a head had got contuſions
By both theſe weapons, in confuſions;
For when he killed not with the word,
He did it with the powerful ſword;
And made his enemies perplexed,
Either with awful ſword or text.
He was content to fight his foes,
Either with paraphraſe or blows;
And if the one did not ſucceed,
The other knocked them on the head *.

PART II.

P. 92. v. 264. The hiſtory of St. Kentigern is related with ſome variations by Joceline. His mother was named Thanes or Taneu. Joceline terms her the daughter of a Cambrian prince; but the name of her father, according to Fordun, was Loth or Lodun, the Leodegan of romance, from whom Lothian is ſuppoſed to have derived its name. According to Joceline, ſhe conceived without knowing who was the father of her child: But by an anonymous monkiſh writer, quoted by Pinkerton on a note to his edition of Joceline's Life of St. Kentigern, he is called Ewen the ſon of Erwegende, a Britiſh prince, whom the minſtrels denominated Ewen the ſon of Ulien. Ulien ſeems to be the celebrated warrior Urien

* Meſton's Poems, p. 8. 1767.

of Reged. His mother being found pregnant, was, according to an ancient law of the Britons, precipitated from the rock of Dunpelder; but having escaped unhurt, she was, like another Danae, exposed at sea, in a small skiff. Being under the particular protection of providence, she arrived safe at Culross, where she was hospitably received by St. Servan, by whom both the mother and child were baptised. According to Joceline, it was not his mother's ring which he recovered from the fish, but that of the adulterous queen Langueth, who entreated the saint, with many professions of penitence, to prevent a discovery of her crime. The passage of Joceline which relates to this law of the Britons, runs thus: "Erat in illo populo barbaro, a diebus antiquis lex promulgata: ut puella in paternis fornicatis *(sic)* gravida inveniebatur, de supercilio montis altissimi præcipitaretur; corruptor autem illius capite plecteretur: Similiter apud antiquos Saxones, pene usque ad hæc moderna tempora, sanctum durabat, ut quælibet virgo, in paternis sponte deflorata, absque ulla retractatione, viva sepeliretur*. The practice of burying such delinquents alive, is thus mentioned in the ancient *Romance of Arthur and Merlin*. It is curious, that the only method of avoiding this punishment, was by openly professing the vocation of a courtesan:

> In this lond was tho usage,
> Whoso dede with man utrage,

* Jocelini Vita St. Kentigerni, ap. VITÆ SANCTORUM à Pinkerton, p. 201.

Bot it were in wedloc,
In thilke time, men hem tok,
With iuggement, with outenles,
And alfo quic doluen hes;
Bot fche her knewe for lizt woman,
And comoun hore to alle men;
Than was it rizt and lawe,
That fche no fchuld ben yflawe.

P. 94. v. 308. Perhaps no part of Britain has been the fcene of fo many fanguinary conflicts as the vicinity of the Roman Wall. The Romans and the Caledonians, the Southern and Northern Britons, the Saxons, the Picts, the Welch, and the Scots, had all fallen on thefe fields, before the plains of Falkirk and Bannockburn were whitened with the bones of the more modern Engliſh and Scots. "The fore battaile of Camlan," in which Arthur and Modred fell, was probably fought in the fame vicinity. The following paſſage of an old romance, prefents a vivid picture of one of thefe battles in the middle ages:

King Bohort fo fmet ozan,
O the helme that hoge man,
That he fat aſtoned uprizt,
& niſt whether it was dai or nizt.——
—Ichon other fo leyd beir,
That it dined into the air;
Alfo thicke the aruwe fchoten,
In fonne bem fo doth the moten;
Gauelokes al fo thicke flowe,
So gnattes ichil avowe.
Ther was fo michel duſt riſeing,
That fen ther was fonne fchineing;

The trumpeing and the taburninge,
Dede togider the kniztes flinge.
The kniztes broken her ſperen,
On thre thai ſmiten, and to teren;
Kniztes and ſtedes ther laien about,
The heuedes of ſmitten, the guttes out;
Heueden, fet, and armes ther,
Lay ſtrewed everi wher,
Under ſtede fet ſo thicke,
In crowes neſt ſo dothe the flicke;
Sum ſtoruen and ſum gras quowe,
The gode ſteden her guttes drowe,
With blodi ſadels in that pres;—
Of ſwiche bataile nas no ſes *.

P. 95. v. 330. The Clan-Graham is equally celebrated in the traditions and ſongs of the Border and the Eaſt coaſt of Scotland. The achievements of Montroſe ſeem to have been the ſubject of the popular ſong of "The Gallant Grahams." Of this ſong it ſeems now to be impoſſible to procure a correct copy; but the following verſes are ſelected from the leaſt corrupted ſet that I have been able to procure:

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

To wear the blue I think it beſt,
Of a' the colours that I ſee;
And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams
That are baniſhed frae their ain countrie.

I'll crown them eaſt, I'll crown them weſt,
The braveſt lads that e'er I ſaw;

* Romance of Arthur and Merlin, MS.

They bore the gree in frie fighting,
And ne'er were flack their fwords to draw.

They wan the day wi' Wallace wight;
They were the lords o' the fouth countrie;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
Till the gallant Grahams come o'er the fea.

At the Gouk-head, where their camp was fet,
They rade the white horfe and the gray,
A' glancing in their plated armour,
As the gowd fhines in a fummer's day.

But woe to Hacket, and Strachan baith,
And ever an ill death may they die,
For they betrayed the gallant Grahams,
That ay were true to Majefty.

Now fare ye weel, fweet Ennerdale,
Baith kith and kin that I could name:
O I would fell my filken fnood
To fee the gallant Grahams come hame.

The elder Graham, who led the unconquered clans of Scotland againft the Romans and provincial Britons, is thus celebrated by Jonfton:

GRAEMUS

Quifquis es, antiquos feu Britto vindicet ortus,
Scotia feu patrio te ferat ore fuum
Ipfe tuus femper, tibi tuque fimillimus, idem es;
Teque unum Patriæ dicit uterque Patrem *.

* Joh. Jonftoni Heroes Scot. p. 3.

P. 96. v. 374. Crookſtone belonged originally to the ancient family of the Crucks in Renfrewſhire, and came by marriage to the Stewarts of Darnley, in the reign of David II. The Stewarts, the moſt illuſtrious clan of Renfrewſhire, are thus characteriſed by Defoe:

> Stewart, ancient as the hills from which they ſprung;
> The mountains ſtill do to the name belong:
> From hence they branch to every high degree,
> And foreign courts embrace the progeny *.

P. 97. v. 398. The battle of Langſide has lately been ſelected as a ſcene in "Mary Stewart," a hiſtorical drama of great poetical merit, ſuperior to any one of the dramas on the ſame ſubject, in the Italian, German, or Engliſh languages, though ſometimes defective in dramatic propriety. The following is a beautiful alluſion to hiſtory:

> "Mother of God! the Douglaſſes in front:
> See, ſee the Bruce's heart, as in the breeze
> Their ſtandards wave———
> ———there happy Douglas cries,
> "*Move on as thou waſt wont to do, and Douglas*
> *Will follow thee, or die* †."

P. 99. v. 426. The Cunninghams are introduced with great propriety by Defoe, in a liſt of clans, on whoſe names he deſpairs of conferring poetical dignity:

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* Defoe's Caledonia, p. 48.

† Mary Stewart, p. 60. Edin. 1801.

Cummin, Duff, Donald, Strathern, Hay and Keith,
And names would run fame's trumpet out of breath——
There Gordon, Lindſay, Crawford, Mar and Wem's,
With Seaton, Ramſay, Cuninghame, and Gra'ams,
Forbes, Roſs, Murray, Bruce, Dunbar and Hume,
And names for whom no poet can make room *.

P. 101. v. 488. The clan Campbell is characteriſed by the ſame author, in the following lines, which poſſeſs greater accuracy of fact, than poetical energy:

Campbells, the modern glory of this iſle,
Their doubling fame increaſed in great Argyle——
A race to Caledonia always dear,
And on whoſe blood their liberties appear †.

It is ſingular, that, notwithſtanding the munificence of the princely family of Argyle, the Gaelic traditionary verſes which record the achievements of the Clan-Campbell, have never been collected, and preſented to the literary world. Some genealogiſts trace the Clan Oduibhne, or Campbell, to Mervin the Great, the ſon of King Arthur; others ſtop ſhort at the warrior Diarmed Oduibhne ‡.

P. 103. v. 540. The natives of Bute and Arran aſſume the name of Brandons, or Brandanes, from St. Brandon their patron ſaint. In old writings they are

* Defoe's Caledonia, p. 41. † Ibid. p. 45.

‡ Buchanan of Auchmar's Inquiry into the Genealogy of ancient Scotiſh Surnames, p. 34.

denominated Brandani, and ſeem to have regarded themſelves as a ſeparate nation. Until lately, if any inhabitant of theſe iſles had been aſked of what nation he was, he would have anſwered, a Brandon.

P. 104. v. 556. In the Iſle of Arran, according to Martin, many traditions formerly exiſted concerning Fin-Mac-Coul, or Fingal. The vaſt cavern of Druimcruey, in the weſtern part of the iſland, is pointed out as the place of his reſidence; and according to ſome, the iſland itſelf derives its name from this hero, being originally *Arſyn*, Fin's place of ſlaughter *.

* Martin's Deſcription of the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland, p. 217.

ALBANIA;

A POEM.

addressed to

THE GENIUS OF SCOTLAND.

But ah! too little known to modern times,
Be not the nobleſt paſſion paſt unſung,
DEVOTION TO THE PUBLIC!

THOMSON'S LIBERTY, Part V.

REMARKS ON ALBANIA.

THE fate of the poem ALBANIA has been extremely unlucky. The author and the original editor are equally unknown; and of the poem itſelf, no copy, except that which has been uſed in this edition, is known to exiſt. It was printed at London, for T. Cooper, in 1737, *fol.* with the following advertiſement:

"The above poem (ALBANIA) was wrote by a Scots clergyman, ſome years ago, who is ſince dead. The fine ſpirit of poetry which it breathes, its claſſic air, but above all the noble enthuſiaſm he diſcovers for his country, cannot fail to make it agreeable to ſuch as have a taſte for that ſimplicity of nature, and that beautiful diverſification of epithets, which conſtitute the principal excellencies of antiquity." From the following paſſage of the poem itſelf, the author appears to have been twenty-four years of age at the time of its compoſition:

Shall I forget thy tenderneſs? Shall I
Thy bounty, thy parental cares forget,
Hiſſing with viper's tongue? who, born of thee
Now *twice twelve years*, have drawn thy vital air.

The dedication of Albania to General Wade, in heroic couplets, ſeems to be the compoſition of the original editor. Aaron Hill thus addreſſes the editor of Albania:

Known, though unnamed, ſince ſhunning vulgar phraſe,
Thy muſe would ſhine, and yet conceal her rays;
Think thyſelf hid, and hope in vain to be
Unſeen, like light, that ſhows us all we ſee.
But while thy readers are denied thy name,
They feel thy genius, and atteſt thy flame.
They pity too, in death, thy noteleſs friend,
Poor by the generous aid thy wealth would lend:
Preſaced by thee, his feeble lights expire;
Even in producing, thou obſcureſt his fire *.

In theſe verſes, the "DEDICATION" to General Wade is clearly attributed to the editor; a circumſtance which might almoſt have been inferred from the encomiaſtic ſtrain in which ALBANIA is mentioned in the DEDICATION. In the following verſes, Hill declares the editor, as well as the author of Albania, to be a Scotſman:

More juſt thy mind, more generous is thy muſe!
Albanian born, this Engliſh theme to chooſe:
No partial flattery need thy verſe invade,
That in the ear of Scotland ſounds a Wade.

From the time of Aaron Hill, Albania remained unnoticed and unknown, till it was quoted by Dr. Beattie of Aberdeen, in a note to his Eſſays on Poetry and Muſic,

* Hill's Poems, ap. Anderſon's Britiſh Poets, Vol. VII. p. 713.

in which he introduces the fine paſſage which deſcribes *inviſible hunting;* a ſuperſtition of which many traces ſtill remain in the Highlands of Scotland. "I am ſure," ſays he, "I ſhall not be blamed for quoting from (Albania) a poem little known, the following very picturesque lines; which may ſhow, that what in hiſtory or philoſophy would make but an aukward figure, may ſometimes have a very charming effect in poetry *." To the taſte of the ingenious author of "THE MINSTREL," the preſervation of Albania muſt be attributed. To him the preſent editor is indebted for the copy he has uſed in this edition, which ſeems once to have belonged to Lord Pitſligo. The energy and poetical ſpirit diſplayed in the lines quoted by Beattie, has excited the attention of ſome later writers. Dr. Drake obſerves, that "the ſingular, yet pleaſing tradition, of the ſouls of the deceaſed purſuing the chaſe upon their native hills, is no where deſcribed with more ſpirit and effect than in ſome noble lines quoted by Dr. Beattie, in his Eſſay on Poetry and Muſic, from a work now neglected and unknown †." The poem itſelf has alſo been quoted with much approbation by Mr. Scott, in his MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTISH BORDER ‡.

The DEDICATION exhibits a manly and liberal ſpirit of poetry, combined with fluent and vigorous verſifica-

* Beattie's Eſſays on Poetry and Muſic, Vol. II. p. 172.

† Drake's Literary Hours, Vol. II. p. 242. 1800.

‡ Scott's Minſtrelſy of the Scotiſh Border, Vol. I. CX. Vol. II. p. 392.

tion; equally devoid of adulation in the ſentiment, and affectation in the ſtyle. Sometimes, however, from a degree of harſhneſs in the conſtruction, we deſiderate the refinement and poliſh of the great maſters of our poetical ſtyle. The effect of climate and ſoil on the ſpirit of patriotiſm; the effect of liberty on the fine arts, and on the progreſs of civilization, is delineated, if not with the delicate poliſh of Gray, yet with his poetical energy and vigour. Unfortunately for the poet, his predictions have proved more conſonant with poetical fiction than reality. The operations of General Wade, by rendering the Highlands acceſſible to armies, facilitated the deſtruction of the feudal ſyſtem in that country; but the conſequences of that meaſure have been more to be regretted than applauded. Inſtead of improving agriculture and extending commerce, of increaſing population, and introducing a taſte for the elegancies of life, it has miſerably depopulated the country, driven the moſt ſpirited of her ſons to exile, and deſtroyed the energy of thoſe that ſtill remain like a few mulberries on the uttermoſt branch of the tree.

Albania is a deſcriptive poem of a very peculiar kind. It does not delineate the general aſpect of the country, deſcant on its qualities capable of poetical repreſentation, or deſcribe the character and genius of its inhabitants: It commences with an animated addreſs to the Genius of Scotland, expreſſes the moſt ardent ſentiments of devoted patriotiſm, and inſenſibly glides into a deſcription of ſome peculiar features of the country which had moſt forcibly impreſſed the mind of the au-

thor. Theſe particular deſcriptions are not arranged with an attention to philoſophical accuracy, nor even with that negligent and graceful eaſe which poetry admits: They ſeem rather to have been careleſsly ſelected; and ſometimes, from the order in which they occur, they exhibit too violent a contraſt. The topics are ſuch as would be naturally ſuggeſted to a young, ardent, and enthuſiaſtic mind, by the peruſal of the common hiſtories and deſcriptions of Scotland; and the impropriety of their ſelection is rather to be attributed to unformed taſte, than to the defect of poetical ſpirit. The perſonification of Albania, or the Genius of Scotland, is not accurately preſerved. Sometimes ſhe is a goddeſs, ſometimes a country; ſometimes ſhe is a land of bow-men, a ſtate unconquered by the fire of war; ſometimes a goddeſs throned on the beryl flood, and beloved by the ſoftening ſun. Some of the topics of deſcription, as ſalt and coal, and the minute enumeration of the different kinds of fiſh which frequent the coaſts of Scotland, are deficient in dignity; and occaſionally paſſages of merit are marred by the introduction of undignified and ungraceful lines. Theſe defects, however, are compenſated by the patriotic enthuſiaſm which glows through the poem, and confers on it a ſpecies of unity; by the vigorous maſculine ſtyle of deſcription in ſome paſſages, as in the addreſs to Albania, the addreſs to the land of bow-men, and the deſcription of the inviſible hunting in the wilds of Roſs. Some paſſages, too, are not defective either in beauty of delineation, or harmony of verſification, as thoſe which deſcribe the Scotiſh fair, and the lingering of the ſun-

beams during night on the hills of Scotland. Though the verſification is often correct and harmonious, yet that roughneſs of numbers attributed to it by the author of the Dedication, muſt be admitted. In many reſpects, the rhythm of the verſe is ſimilar to that of Blair's Grave. The pauſe of the meaſure is not ſkilfully varied; the march of the verſe is heavy and monotonous, and clogged with ſpondees, particularly in the cloſe. The poem, however, merits the praiſe of "cloſe wrought ſenſe;" and, as was ſaid of the poetry of Cleveland, inſtead of leaf gold, it exhibits maſſy wedges. The local alluſions in Albania ſeem to have been chiefly derived from Martin's Deſcriptions of St. Kilda and the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, and ſome other topographical works which were publiſhed about the commencement of laſt century. Some of the ſuperſtitions, however, to which he alludes, it is difficult to trace to any of theſe authors, and they ſeem to have been peculiar to the eaſt coaſt of Scotland. To theſe remarks on Albania it may not be improper to ſubjoin the poem addreſſed by Aaron Hill to the original editor. That ingenious author, while he pronounces the numbers of the poem bold, and the ideas ſtrong, cenſures the patriotiſm which it breathes, as too confined and partial. The genius of Hill was of no common ſtamp: his powers were ſeldom concentrated, but they were ſeldom unequal to the object to which he directed his attention. His verſification is often harſh and careleſs; but his ſtyle is vigorous, and his phraſeology original.

TO THE EDITOR OF ALBANIA,

A POEM,

Addreſſed to the Genius of Scotland, and dedicated to General Wade.

KNOWN, though unnamed, ſince ſhunning vulgar phraſe,
Thy muſe would ſhine, and yet conceal her rays;
Think thyſelf hid, and hope in vain to be
Unſeen, like light, that ſhows us all we ſee.
But while thy readers are denied thy name,
They feel thy genius, and atteſt thy flame.
They pity too, in death, thy noteleſs friend,
Poor by the generous aid thy wealth would lend;
Prefaced by thee, his feeble lights expire;
Even in producing, thou obſcureſt his fire.
Not but the muſe had warmed his youthful ſong!
Bold were his notes, and his ideas ſtrong;
But where domeſtic dearneſs warped his lays,
And partial birth miſled the patriot praiſe;
Wilt thou not join to blame the bounded zeal,
That bids us only for our country feel?
Yes—thou wilt cenſure this too ſcanty care,
That ſhuts out pity, and appropriates prayer.
Thou wilt enlarge affection, till it ſees
Beyond itſelf, and pants for public eaſe.
Stretch liberty to diſengage mankind,
And even from nature's bias free the mind.
What though, we know not why, ſoft inbred pride,
Makes home ſeem ſweeteſt, and can choice miſguide;
Till native darkneſs erring taſte conſtrains,
And Lapland deſerts rival Perſia's plains;

Let the ſoul's reach the heart's reſtraint reprove,
And widen to the world our country's love.
Baſe are theſe local limits to mens hearts,
That canton out humanity in parts.
Truth has no diſtricts to divide her toil;
And virtue is at home in every ſoil.
Since, on one common globe, we neighbouring dwell,
What narrower line ſhould man from man expel.
Each born alike, and ſons of nature all,
Human can ne'er from care of human fall.
But paſſion's rapine, nature's union breaks,
Not ſoil but intereſt all this difference makes:
Born brothers, each from each would ſomething draw,
Till ravaged equity is ſhrunk to law.
Blindly forgetful, that the whole is duſt,
We hate for parts, nor feel ourſelves unjuſt:
Confine repute to place, and praiſe or rail,
As ſelf or ſtranger turns the varied ſcale;
Till Senſe grown hardened in her partial plea,
Juſtice is crippled into bribery.
Thou!—ſon of liberty!—canſt ſhun this ſhelf;
Looſening reflection, and out-launching ſelf:
Canſt burſt the chain of cuſtom round the heart,
And from worſt ſlavery—that of reaſon—ſtart.
Thou, on thy country's hills, canſt praiſe beſtow,
Yet ſtoop not the encomium to her ſnow!
So wants confeſſed, but ſtrengthen merit's claim,
And right from wrong diſtinguiſhed fixes fame.
When rock-fenced Scotland boaſts her hardy race,
Or Engliſh beauty claims but matchleſs grace;
When France the praiſe of ſprightlieſt wits aſſumes,
And German plainneſs ſpreads its honeſt plumes;
Concurring plaudits grant unqueſtioned dues,
And truth and reaſon ſanctify the muſe.

But ſhould Teutonic heavineſs aſpire,
From French vivacity to raviſh fire,
Or Caledonia's manlike virgins vie,
With the ſoft ſunſhine of an Engliſh eye,
Juſtice would bluſh at nature's erring pride,
And each forced trophy be by truth denied.
More juſt thy mind, more generous is thy muſe!
Albanian born, this Engliſh theme to chooſe:
No partial flattery need thy verſe invade,
That in the ear of Scotland ſounds a Wade.
Such as thy muſe, ſuch is thy patron's aim;
Nor north nor ſouth can bound his ſpirit's claim;
Warmed from within, he burns with Roman fires;
Shines for the world, and for mankind aſpires;
Adorning power, he beautifies a ſtate;
Endears dominion, and abſolves the great:
Kind by his care, rapacious licence grows;
And poliſhed jealouſy no hatred knows:
Felt in their hearts, to love of faith he charms,
And ſoftly conquering, needs no aid of arms.
When, ages hence, his laſt line's lengthener dies
And his loſt duſt reveals not where it lies;
Still ſhall his living greatneſs guard his name,
And his works lift him to immortal fame.
Then ſhall aſtoniſhed armies, marching high,
O'er cauſewayed mountains that invade the ſky,
Climb the raiſed arch, that ſweeps its diſtant throw,
Croſs tumbling floods, which roar unheard below,
Gaze, from the cliff's cut edge, through midway air,
And, trembling, wonder at their ſafety there!
Pierce fenny deeps with firm unſinking tread,
And o'er drained deſerts wholeſome empire ſpread.
While charmed, the ſoldier dwells on wonders paſt,
Some chief, more knowing and more touched—at laſt,

Shall, pointing, to the attentive files, explain,
How, many a century ſince—in George's reign,
Wade's working ſoul, that graced his prince's throne,
Built theſe vaſt monuments—and ſpared his own.

ANALYSIS

OF THE

DEDICATION OF ALBANIA.

Address to General Wade—Sentiments which inſpire the poet—Local attachment not affected by climate or ſoil; but true patriotiſm inſpired only by liberty—Apoſtrophe to liberty—Progreſs of the fine arts dependent on liberty—Addreſs to the ſons of Albania—Their future progreſs in the arts of civilized life under the influence of liberty.

TO GENERAL WADE,

Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's Forces in North Britain.

HOWE'ER important in the high debate,
Where Britain's councils watch o'er Europe's fate;
From public cares, one eaſy moment ſpare,
And let a muſe the kind indulgence ſhare.
True, that in lonely groves ſhe tuned the lay,
Far from the great, the giddy and the gay;
By power unawed, by venal views unſwayed,
No foe ſhe flattered, and no friend betrayed:
Yet ſhall her note each generous boſom move,
Where throbs a pang for virtue, fame, or love;
Since deep-felt paſſion ſtrikes the tuneful ſtrings,
And nature whiſpers what the poet ſings.
Nought, nought, for this exalting ſuns avail,
The cloudleſs ether, or the ſpicy gale,

For parent ſoil as ſtrong ſenſation beats,
Midſt joyleſs wilds, as aromatic ſeats;
Thence to the muſe, the ſacred ſpirit ſprings,
That ſwells her numbers, and her rapture wings;
Thence, for his Rome, the Roman ſmiled on death,
And to the Scythian blooms his barren heath:
It creeps, an inſtinct in the daſtard ſlave,
And glows, a paſſion in the free and brave;
It gives the vile to bear a tyrant's thrall,
No wrongs can rouſe them, for no chains can gall:
But to the brave, no charms a clime can boaſt,
Where virtue or where liberty is loſt.

O liberty! thou life-enlivening name,
Thy forms how varying, yet thy powers the ſame!
From thee the fields aſſume their ſmiling face,
The notes their muſic, and the paint its grace.
Thine are the plaſtic arts that mould the buſt,
And breathe its beauties o'er the dome auguſt;
Is there a bard who feels thy juſt controul?
The muſe pours all her godhead on his ſoul;
She prompts the ſigh, ſhe ſwells the impaſſioned guſh,
Glows in his warmth, and reddens in his bluſh;
The bluſh, that o'er an honeſt cheek ſtreams fair,
When mortals hug the ſhameful chains they wear.

Theſe arts, O goddeſs! brighten from thy ray,
By thee they flouriſh, and with thee decay;
To Athens, theſe her trueſt glory gave
To Rome,—ere Romans conquered to enſlave.
But in their ruſhing ſtates, when public power
Propt the lewd wretch, or ſwelled the private ſtore;
O'er patriot zeal, when roſe ambition's luſt,
And jealous juſtice ſunk to mean diſtruſt;
Dragged by vile lictors, where the forum raved,
When heroes bled by villains whom they ſaved:
Then, with the herd, the muſe condemned, or praiſed,
And courts deſtroyed thoſe arts that ſenates raiſed.

Albania's ſons, may theſe examples teach,
How far the bounds of real freedom reach:
Teach them with equal vigour to engage
A faction's fury, as a tyrant's rage.
And ſee, where burſting from a Gothic night
Half her brave race emerges into light;
By THEE! to better *being* waked, they hail
Their ſocial life, and court the peopled vale;
By THEE! her genius raiſed, with glad ſurpriſe
Sees cultured groves, and cheerful villas riſe.
Pleaſed ſhe beholds the golden harveſts nod,
And the bold arch controul the ſwelling flood;

O'er waſtes the traffic-crowded cauſeway ſtretch,
And ſpreading hedges fence the grateful beach ;
A genial bloom of ſofter beauty blow,
Where kinder wiſhes teach the bluſh to glow,
While hardy youths reſign the darling ſteel,
And melting, wonder at the warmth they feel.

With kind complacence, YOU, this verſe peruſe,
Though rough the numbers, and unknown the muſe ;
For ſoon, the boldeſt note her art can ſound,
Shall in a people's grateful voice be drowned.

ANALYSIS OF ALBANIA.

THE poem commences with an invocation of Albania, the Genius of Scotland—Alluſion to Dunedin and the Border land, places under the peculiar guardianſhip of the goddeſs—Berwick, Man, and the Engliſh border, places no longer under her influence—The country invincible—The favourite of the ſun, whoſe beams linger all the night on her mountains—Beloved of the ocean, who rolls his finny ſhoals to her coaſts—The whale—Different ſpecies of fiſhes that frequent the coaſts of Scotland—The ſeal—The ſalmon—The production of ſalt from the ſea—Coal—Sources of patriotic pride—The Scotiſh fair—The land free from robbers—from wild beaſts—from venomous reptiles—Different kinds of birds which abound in Scotland—Rabbits of Shetland—Deer—Inviſible deer-hunting.—The poem concludes with an addreſs to Albania, and a characteriſtic enumeration of the Iſles of Columba, firſt ſubdued by the Scots.

ALBANIA;

A POEM.

O LOVED ALBANIA! hardy nurſe of men!
Holding thy ſilver croſs, I worſhip thee,
On this thy old and ſolemn feſtival,
Early, ere yet the wakeful cock has crowed.
Hear! goddeſs, hear! that on the beryl flood,
Enthroned of old, amid the waters ſound,
Reign'ſt far and wide, o'er many a ſea-girt ſpot,
Oh ſmile! whether on high Dunedin, thou
Guardeſt the ſteep and iron-bolted rock,
Where truſted lie the monarchy's laſt gems,
The ſceptre, ſword, and crown, that graced the brows,
Since father Fergus, of an hundred kings:
Or if, along the well-conteſted ground,
The warlike Border-land, thou marcheſt proud;

In Teviotdale, where many a ſhepherd dwells,
By lovely-winding Tweed, or Cheviot brown:
Nor ween I now, in Durham's lofty ſpire
To ſeek thee, though thy loved St. David's work;
Nor where Newcaſtle opes her jetty mines
Of coal; nor in ſtrong Berwick; nor in Man,
That never dreaded plague; nor in the wilds
Of ſtony Weſtmoreland: All once thy own.
Hail, land of bow-men! ſeed of thoſe who ſcorned
To ſtoop the neck to wide imperial Rome.
O deareſt half of Albion ſea-walled!
Hail! ſtate unconquered by the fire of war,
Red war, that twenty ages round thee burned;
To thee, for whom my pureſt raptures glow,
Kneeling with filial homage, I devote
My life, my ſtrength, my firſt and lateſt ſong.
Shall I forget thy tenderneſs? Shall I
Thy bounty, thy parental cares forget,
Hiſſing with viper's tongue? Who born of thee,
Now twice twelve years, have drawn thy vital air,
And eat thy fruit, protected with thy ſons:
Though ſtronger far, and holier is the tie,
By which are knit my heart-ſtrings to thy love:
Thou gav'ſt me, yet an infant unbaptiſed,

Immortal wealth, the ſeeds of better life.
Thou goddeſs! by the ſoftening ſun beloved,
Rejoiceſt, he with unfulfilled deſire,
Delights not only on thy face to dwell,
In amorous ſmile, the live-long ſummer's day;
But looking back from the Atlantic brine,
Eyes thy glad ſlumbers with reflected beam,
And glitters o'er thy head the clear night long.
Of thee enamoured is the rugged deep,
Though barren elſewhere deemed; yet here to thee
Laviſh of gifts, and many a lover's boon;
Fruitful through all the ſeaſons, wet and dry,
And infinite in ever-growing ſtore.
With herrings countleſs ſwarms thy weſtern bays
He loads; they in ſuch myriads throng the ſides
Of Arran high, and Lews where lakes abound,
That oft the net breaks overcharged, and oft
The fiſher, wanton, after plenteous draught,
Grown wild of wealth, into the roaring tide
Throws back, for days more hard, the leſſer fry.
To theſe republics ſmall, the tyrant whale,
Full of his brutal might, is ſtill a foe.
Not that moſt bulky kind, in Greenland caught,
But ſmaller, ſuch as oft in Seafort bay,

And Shetland many-creeked, the cod alarms.
High from his trunk, a river ſhot upright;
Plays dreadful, bellowing loud, and foaming faſt.
Yet him all-daring men in boats beſiege,
And tire with far-launched blows, though ſtruggling fierce;
Till, worſted now, and bleeding, he reſigns
His ivory, oil, and amber, erſt devoured.
How different he! that, of enormous ſize,
Lords o'er the coaſt of Roſs, gigantic king!
Behold at high noon, glorying in his ſtrength,
He rides the dreadful deep, in ſearch of prey.
While young and old, with dint of idle ſteel
Inceſſant, vie his hugeneſs to aſſail:
In vain he, though with numbers thus beſet,
Deſies the circling rage of little men;
Yet ſhort his glory! for, whom now no ſtrength,
No wicked wit of men combined, can daunt;
Him, ſoon mere caſual winds, and tempeſts wild
Shall daunt, and hurry to inglorious death,
Daſhing on rocks, while from his riven ſkull
White ſpermaceti iſſues, fat and ſtrong:
And now thrown out, before his foes he lies
Dead on the ſhore, extended far and wide,
Yet frights, even laid ſo low, the aſtoniſhed crowd.

But with ſuch monſters, Nature not throughout
Has ſcared our efforts, and embroiled the deep;
Inſtead of that, our induſtry ſhe tempts,
Preſenting eaſier prey, and ſweeter food.
And hence the loving ſea thy eaſtern coaſt
Supplies with oyſters ſoft, and lobſters red;
And turbot, far requeſted for his white
And mellow fleſh, ſea-pheaſant often named;
And bearded cod, and yellow ling. Nor now
Can I rehearſe the kinds of mackerel ſtreaked,
Omen of dearth, if too abundant found.
Nor angel-fiſh, viviparous, and broad,
Hung up in air, and ſeaſoned with the wind;
Nor perch, whoſe head is ſpangled red and blue,
Foreboding woeful wars, as fiſhers ween;
Nor ravenous ſeal, that ſuckleth on the ſhore
Her hairy young, unawed by eye of man;
Her ſnorting oft, at ſun-ſet, on the coaſt
Of Angus, fruitful land of vital grain,
The wanton damſel mocks, and children join
Inſultant, to provoke with ruſtic names:
Sudden awak'd, ſhe ſtarts, with uncouth gait
Gleaning their ſteps, and now with either hand,
Gathers, and throws full faſt ſtone after ſtone;

Blind with revenge, nor mindful of her end,
Though near; for now her neck the hiſſing ball
Hath pierc'd, from well aimed muſket ſhot unſeen.
In vain, alas! thou homeward haſteſt back;
Mad to have riſked thy life with artful man,
On land, to thee ſtrange element, where now
Thou agoniſing lieſt a monument
For others not to dare their ſphere beyond:
While children, from their flight returning, gaze
And wonder at the ſhaggy monſter's form.
But now the thronging peaſants ſhare the fleſh,
From which, for nightly lamps, they drain the oil;
Though utmoſt Thule's long-liv'd ſons reſerve,
For winter meals, ſuch unluxurious fare.

Thus, CALEDONIA! thee rich ocean courts,
Preſenting his moſt uſeful gifts to thee;
But thou ſecure, a land of yellow grain,
Grain! which bleak Norway wooes with all her firs;
And inly full of glory overprized,
The main ſea rough and hoar, diſdaineſt coy;
Unenvied, while the Belgian ſtill purloins
The treaſures vowed to thee, and of thy ſloth
Full glad, in many a pitchy keel, bears off
To diſtant ſhores, theſe more than orient pearls;

Nor nauſeates lucre's ſcent, from fiſhy ſteam.
Why wilt thou thus, too lofty heroine!
Shrink from the claſping ocean's fond embrace;
For thee he feeds the ſalmon ſilver-ſcal'd,
Which you, into his watery paſtures wide,
Each autumn ſend to graze; though ſlim, and gaunt,
They enter his domains, yet ſoon reſtored,
The whiteſt fat their entrails overwraps.
But they, impatient of their happineſs,
Returning, ſuch ſtrong love of native ſoil
Attracts them to thy ſilver-channelled ſtreams;
Jump the ſteep wave of Spey's careering flood:
Strait, watchful fiſhers ſpread the meſhy ſnare
That floats with many a cork, and mars their play,
Whole ſhoals involving, that now thick, and fierce,
Beat the green bank, indignant of their fate.
In ſalt embalmed, they thence are carried far
O'er the green ſea, of lordly meſſes prime,
To cheer the ſix-week faſt of Spaniſh peers:
Or into France, the ſprightly land of wine,
To give the goblet more exalted ſoul.
Neglect not thou the ſea, that yields thee ſalt,
Salt, origin of taſtes, with which we eat
The well-fed ox, and bread by labour earned:

Thence too the coal its nitrous ſpirit draws;
Coal, ſuch as dug from ſirry Elphingſton,
Or Winton's level land, that ſmiles with wheat,
Brings back bright ore, reward of induſtry;
Or ſuch as in Montroſe, fair harboured town,
They burn; or in Alectum lofty domed;
And dims, Edina, thy aſpiring brow;
No other fuel craveth Glaſgow blue;
Watery Linlithgow's royal ſeat, or Perth,
Whoſe evening bells the roving Highlander
Hears ſweet, though far deſcending Stenton hill:
Nor Fife well peopled in her ſea-towns tiled.
Such alſo we in high Devana burn,
Glancing on marble hearth; the oily jet
Crackling full faſt, makes mild the bitter air
With ſulphured ſteam, and thaws with grateful warmth
The frozen pilgrim, while the glowing grate
Doubles the heat, and gay the enlivened hall
Laughs wide, illumined with the pleaſing gleam.
  How glory I in thee, O native land!
Well pleaſed in all thy rivers, and thy hills,
O'er which I travel fearleſs, though alone,
And though unarmed, by robber unaſſailed.
Chief will I glory in thy generous ſons,

Pride of the martial and the lettered world ;
And in thy fair-limbed daughters, o'er whoſe cheek
Breathes blooming nature, ſprightly beauties breathe ;
Of azure mild their eye ; the ſighing loves
But juſt diſcloſe the roſes of their lips :
White as the driven ſnow their poliſhed teeth ;
Their parted boſom, with luxuriant youth
Heaves wild ; and full proportion crowns the whole :
Nor more adorned in body, than in mind ;
Of taſte refined ; of graceful manners plain ;
Of warm unſpotted faith, and feeling heart ;
Whom houſehold cares delight, the beſt of mates.

No lion here the traveller aſſails
With midnight roar ; nor ruthleſs panther gnars ;
Here prowl no wolves, and here the tuſky boars
Razed out of all thy woods, as trophies hung,
Grin high emblazoned on thy childrens ſhields.

But truſty houſehold guardians, maſtiffs fell,
Nightly to watch the walls, throughout abound ;
Stout terriers, that in high-hilled Sutherland
Beat up the wild-cat's lodge, and badgers rouſe ;
And ruffet blood-hounds, wont, near Annand's ſtream,
To trace the ſly thief with avenging foot,
Cloſe as an evil conſcience, ſtill at hand ;

Fleet grayhounds that outrun the fearful hare;
And many a dog beſide, of faithful ſcent,
To fnuff the prey, on eager heel, to ſcour
The purple heath, and ſnap the flying game.

Here no tarantula exerts its charm;
No ſerpent in the fartheſt deſart dwells;
Deep in the heath, here harmleſs adders ſkulk,
Wound up in gliſtering rings; and, poiſonleſs,
The cunning ſpider clambers up the wall.

The lakes and mountains ſwarm with copious game;
The wildgooſe gray, and heathcock hairy legg'd,
White ſoland, that on Baſs and Ailſa build;
The woodcock ſlender billed, and marſhy ſnipe,
The free-bred duck, that ſcorns the wiles of men,
Soaring beyond the thunder of the gun;
Yet oft her crafty fellow, trained to guile,
And forging love, decoys her to the ſnare,
There witneſſes her fate, with ſhameleſs brow.
Why ſhould I here the fruitful pigeon name,
Or long-necked heron, dread of nimble eels,
The gloſſy ſwan, that loaths to look a-down,
Or the cloſe covey vexed with various woes?
While ſad, they ſit their anxious mother round,
With diſmal ſhade the cloſing net deſcends;

Or, by the ſudden gun, they fluttering fall,
And vile with blood, is ſtained their freckled down.
In Shetland's graſſy holms, the mining tribe
Skulking, is there well pleaſed to breathe obſcure,
Regardleſs they of what low buſtling men
Concert in clamorous camp, or palace high;
But what avails their unambitious care,
If the fierce ferret ſpies the vaulted cell,
And ruſhes headlong in to ſeize the prey?
At once the ſubterraneous ſtate alarmed
Shrieks out all over, whither ſhall they fly?
Caught in their inmoſt chambers, where they ſlept
Vainly ſecure. The aſſaſſin fiery-eyed,
Winding up all their mazes, through and through,
Spreads deſolation o'er the feeble race.
Here need I name the wind-outſtripping roe?
Or branchy-horned hart, that ſtrays unowned
In woody Roſs, or Athol, nurſe of hinds;
Behold! in utmoſt wilderneſs he wons,
Far off from men, content with humble fare.
Ere ſince of old, the haughty thanes of Roſs,
So to the ſimple ſwain tradition tells;
Were wont with clans, and ready vaſſals thronged,
To wake the bounding ſtag, or guilty wolf,

There oft is heard at midnight, or at noon,
Beginning faint, but riſing ſtill more loud
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns hoarſe-winded, blowing far and keen;
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies, the gale
Labours with wilder ſhrieks, and rifer din
Of hot purſuit, the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs, the ſhouts of men,
And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noiſe, and both the herdſman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghaſt he eyes
The mountains height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight diſcerns;
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he ſtands,
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
To ghoſt, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend,
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.

ALBANIA dear, attend! behold I ſeek
Thy angel night and day with eager feet,
On peopled coaſt, and weſtern mountain lone,
In city paved, and well-aired village thatched,
From end to end of Scotland many-mined.
Oft too I dare the deep, though winter ſtorms

Rage fierce, and round me mad Corbrecho roar,
Wafted with love to ſee Columba's iſles.
There view I winged Sky, and Lewes long,
Reſort of whales; and Wyſte, where herrings ſwarm;
And talk, at once delighted and appalled,
By the pale moon, with utmoſt Hirta's ſeers,
Of beckoning ghoſts, and ſhadowy men, that bode
Sure death. Nor there doth Jura's double hill
Eſcape my ſight; nor Mull, though bald and bare;
Nor Ilay, where erewhile Macdonalds reign'd;
Thee too, Liſmore! I hail St. Moloch's ſhrine;
Inchgall, firſt conquered by the brand of Scots:
And filled with awe of ancient ſaints and kings,
I kiſs, O Icolmkill! thy hallowed mould.
Thus, CALEDONIA, many hilled! to thee,
End and beginning of my ardent ſong,
I tune the Druid's lyre, to thee devote
This lay, and love not muſic but for thee.

NOTES

BY THE ORIGINAL EDITOR.

Ver. 8. By this expreſſion, the author means the rock upon which ſtands the Caſtle of Edinburgh, reckoned one of the ſtrongeſt in Europe. It was here that Keith, Earl Marſhal of Scotland, hereditary keeper of the regalia, in the year 1706, depoſited the regalia, viz. the crown, ſword, and ſceptre: The firſt is of a peculiar form, richly adorned with precious ſtones, and of great antiquity; the other two more modern. A formal inſtrument was taken by the earl's deputy, when they were depoſited, in which there is a very minute deſcription of them all, and a copy of it lodged in the Lawyers Library at Edinburgh, and other places.

Ver. 12. The firſt king of Scotland of this name mentioned by Scots hiſtorians, was cotemporary with Alexander the Great; the ſecond, whom ſome moderns contend was the founder of that monarchy, lived anno 406.

Ver. 14. The borders of Scotland were the ſcenes of many bloody ſkirmiſhes betwixt the Engliſh and Scots. The other places here mentioned are remarkable in the Scotiſh hiſtory. The northern counties of England were in poſſeſſion of the kings of Scotland, who did homage for them to the crown of England.

Ver. 40. The hills in the northern parts of Scotland are gilded all night, about the ſummer ſolſtice, with the ſun-beams.

Ver. 54. Arran and Lewis are two of the weſtern iſles; the former is the property of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. The herrings caught about the latter are reckoned the beſt in Scotland.

Ver. 61. The author here means the Grampus.

Ver. 62. This is the name of a fine country in Scotland, and gives title to a noble earl, created by King James a marquis.

Ver. 63. The northern iſlands are ſo called, ſuppoſed the Thule of Ptolemy.

Ver. 71. A ſhire in the north of Scotland: Upon this coaſt ſeveral whales have been driven.

Ver. 110. What the author mentions here of the ſeal is literally true; theſe creatures frequently come aſhore, and when they are attacked, throw ſtones and dirt up with their forefeet, in the faces of their aſſailers, who retire to draw them far enough from their young, and then ſhoot them. Their young are eaſily ſeized, and their ſkins are of uſe.

Ver. 131. The Dutch uſed to employ 1500 ſail yearly in this fiſhing, but they are now reduced to a much ſmaller number.

Ver. 146. Spey, the moſt rapid river in Scotland, on which there are ſeveral fine ſalmon fiſhings.

Ver. 160. Elphingſton gives title to a lord, and abounds with coal-mines.

Ver. 161. Winton gave title to an earldom now forfeited, and was one of the fineſt eſtates in Britain of its extent.

Ver. 163. Montroſe, &c.; theſe are names of different towns in Scotland.

Ver. 164. Dundee.

Ver. 165. Edinburgh.

Ver. 171. Aberdeen.

Ver. 218. Soland is a fowl like a gooſe, which is no where to be found but in the places here mentioned; on the former of which an impregnable fort was built, demoliſhed by the Government ſince the Revolution.

Ver. 251. Thane was the old name for the Scotch nobility, before the word earl was uſed. Thoſe of Roſs were particularly powerful, and gave great diſquiet to the kings.

Ver. 280. The iſles of Columba lie on the weſtern ſide of Scotland: They are mentioned here with their ſeveral characteriſtics, and the reader may find how juſt they are in Mr. Martin's deſcription of them, where he will meet with a curious account of their ſeers, or thoſe who poſſeſs the ſecond ſight. But the moſt remarkable of theſe iſles is Icolm-kill, where many of the Scotiſh, Daniſh, and Norwegian kings and ſaints are buried.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

DEDICATION.

P. 154. The author of Albania is not the only poet who has celebrated the exertions of General Wade, in a meaſure which was expected to promote the civiliſation of the Highlands. In February 1725-6, Welſted publiſhed "An Ode to the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Wade, on his diſarming the Highlands; imitated from Horace *." The following inſcription was placed

* Memoirs of L. Welſted, p. 24. ap. Nichols' edition of that author's works, 8vo, London, 1787.

on a bridge built by the Marſhal in 1733, when the roads were formed by the army under his command:

Mirare
Hanc viam militarem
Ultra Romanos terminos,
M. Paſſuum CCL. hac illac
Extenſam,
Teſquis et paludibus inſultantem,
Per montes rupeſque pateſactam,
Et indignanti Tavo
Ut cernis inſtratam.
Opus hoc arduum, ſua ſolertia
Et decennati militum opera
A. Ær. Xnæ. 1733, poſuit G. Wade
Copiarum in Scotiæ Præfectus.
Ecce quantum valeant,
Regis Georgii II. Auſpicia.

But the moſt ſingular poetical effuſion on this ſubject, is ſaid to have been compoſed by a Mr. Caulfield, who was employed in the buſineſs by the Marſhal:

Had you but ſeen theſe roads, *before they were made*,
You'd lift up your hands, and bleſs Marſhal Wade.

ALBANIA.

P. 157. v. 1. Drummond, in his "Forth feaſting," uſes Albania as a poetical name for Scotland:

Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which ſee the riſing or the ſetting ſun——

P. 158. v. 15. Teviotdale extends, in breadth, from the banks of the Tweed to the top of Cheviot. It ſeems formerly to have been much greater than at preſent. It is ſometimes repreſented as lying on both ſides of the Tweed. Thus, "Weſtward, on both ſides of the Tweede, lies Teviotdail; taking the name from the water of Tiot; devided from England by the hilles of Cheviot *."

P. 158. v. 21. The air, ſays Waldron, in his Deſcription of the iſle of Man, "is very wholeſome, the plague, nor any other contagious diſtemper, having never been known there; and the people generally live to a very great age †."

P. 158. v. 21. The term, "land of bowmen," is certainly much more applicable to England than to Scotland. From the period of the Norman conqueſt, ſo famous were the Engliſh archers, that the nation is characteriſed from them in an old prophefy, ſuppoſed to have been fulfilled at the battle or rather rout of Duplin, during the minority of David II.

Scotos dum gentes terebrabunt arcitenentes ‡."

So ſenſible was James I. of this ſuperiority, that in his firſt parliament he paſſed an act, "That ilk man buſk thame to be archaris §.

* Certayne Matters concerning the Realme of Scotland, in 1597, Lond. 1603.

† Waldron's Deſcription of the Iſle of Man, p. 94.

‡ Fordun. Sc. Chr. Vol. II. p. 307.

§ Black Acts, c. xx. 1566.

The bow, however, is mentioned as a weapon of war in the curious ancient Scotiſh poem termed

KING ROBERT'S TESTAMENT.

On fut fuld be all Scottis weire,
Be hyll and moſs thaim ſelf to weire.
Lat wod for wallis be bow and ſpeire,
That innymeis do thaim na dreire.
In ſtrait placis gar keip all ſtoire,
And byrnen the planen land thaim before:
Thanen ſall thai paſs away in haiſt,
Quhen that they find nathing bot waiſt,
With wyllis and waykenen of the nicht,
And mekill noyes maid on hycht:
Thanen ſall they turnen with gret affrai,
As thai were chaſit with ſwerd away:
This is the counſall and intent
Of gud King Robert's teſtament *.

The iſlanders, of all the Scotiſh tribes, were moſt addicted to the uſe of the bow in war. The work already cited, termed "Certayne matters," &c. exhibits the following paſſage: "Their weapons againſt their enemies are bowes and arrowes; the arrowes for the moſt part howked, with a barble on either ſide, which once entered within the body, cannot be drawn forth againe, unleſſe the wound be made wider." The clan Macdonald were remarkable for their ſkill in archery. At the battle of Belrinnes, in 1594, the flower of Argyle's army

* Fordun. Sc. Chr. à Hearne.

appear to have been the archers, and targetters or broad-ſwordſmen :

> Mackallane More cam from the waſt
> With many a *bow* and brand—— *

P. 158. v. 30. During the glory of the Roman empire, and even in the period of its decline, all nations who affected the friendſhip of the Romans, or were dazzled by their glory, were anxious to boaſt the ſame extraction. The ſtory of Brutus, the progenitor of the Engliſh, is well known. In the ſixth century, Hunnibald, in his Hiſtory of the Franks, deduces their origin from Francus a ſon of Priam. The Sicilians derived themſelves from his brother Siculus. In the reign of Juſtinian, the Greeks themſelves affected a ſimilar honour. The Scots, however, who piqued themſelves on never ſubmitting to the Romans, deduced their origin directly from the Greeks, the mortal foes of the Trojans, and conſequently ſtated themſelves as the inveterate and native enemies of the Engliſh, a race who claimed a Trojan origin. Jealouſy and inceſſant hoſtility aggravated the mutual animoſities of the Scots and Engliſh, till the tempers of their writers became almoſt as hoſtile as the ſwords of their warriors, and it was conſidered as the indiſpenſable duty of a good citizen to abuſe the ſiſter kingdom. It may be amuſing to contraſt

* Dalyell's Scotiſh Poems, Vol. II. p. 348.

the partiality of the author of Albania, with a few of thoſe flowers with which Cleveland has garniſhed his invective againſt the Scots:

But that there's charm in verſe, I would not quote
The name of Scot without an antidote;
Unleſs my head were red, that I might brew
[illegible] there, that might be poiſon too.——
Be[illegible] Scot can properly be curſt,
I muſt, like *Hocus*, ſwallow daggers firſt.——
No more let Ireland brag, her harmleſs nation
Foſters no venom, ſince that Scots plantation.——
Nature herſelf doth Scotchmen beaſts confeſs,
Making their country ſuch a wilderneſs;
A land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpenſe
God's omnipreſence, but that Charles came thence;
But that Montroſe and Crawford's loyal band
Atoned their ſin, and chriſtened half their land.——
He that ſaw hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twy-light of his phancie's theme,
Scared from his ſins, repented in a fright,
Had he viewed Scotland, had turned proſelite:
A land where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment!
Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom,
Not forced him wander, but confined him home.
Like Jews they ſpread, and as infection fly,
As if the devil had ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at rovers, and deſie
This or that place, rags of geography.
They'r citizens of the world, they'r all in all,
Scotland's a nation epidemical.——
You ſcandal to the ſtock of verſe, a race
Able to bring the gibbet in diſgrace;

Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The oſtraciſm, and ſhamed it out of uſe.
——when the Scots deceaſe,
Hell like their nation feeds on barnacles.
A Scot when from the gallow-tree got looſe,
Drops into Styx, and turns a Soland gooſe *

Derrick abuſes the Iriſh in a ſimilar ſtrain: "They are a people ſprung from Macke-Swine, a barbarous off-ſpring, which maie be perceived by their hoggiſhe faſhion:"

No pies to plucke the thatch from houſe,
Are bred in Iriſhe ground;
But worſe than pies the ſame to burne
A thouſand maie be found †.

The compariſons of England and Scotland by foreigners were generally much to the diſadvantage of the latter. Perlin, a French author, who wrote a Deſcription of England and Scotland in 1588, deſcribes Scotland as a wilderneſs, and greatly prefers England; as in the following paſſages:

"Prenons le cas que l'Angleterre ſoit Paris, l'Eſcoſſe ſoit le faulx-bourgz Sainct Marceau: la ville vault trop mieulx que les faulx-bourgz, auſſi vault trop mieulx l'Angleterre que l'Eſcoſſe, et n'y a poinct de proportion ‡."

* Cleveland's Poems, London, 1677, p. 47—57.

† Derrick's Image of Ireland, 1581.

‡ Perlin Deſcription des Royaulmes d'Angleterre et d'Eſcoſſe. Paris, 1558. (London, 1775, reprinted). P. 13.

"Le pays eſt aſſes pauvre en or et en argent: mais fort bon en vivres. Les terres labourables en ce pays la ne ſont gaires bonnes, et la plus part du pays eſt defert. Quant a la grandeur du Royaume fault entendre qu'il eſt grand du circuit; mais on l'apelle petit de terres habitables c'eſt a dire qu'il y a beaucoup de meſchantes terres vagues non labourées: mais le pays eſt petit quant eſt au circuit des villes et villages ‡."

Perlin aſſerts, that without the aſſiſtance of the French, Scotland would have been entirely over-run and deſtroyed by "leur felon ennemi qui eſt pire qu'un dragon, ſerpent, cocodrile, et aſpic." And in a ſtrain of ſelf-congratulation he exclaims, "O bienheureulx te doibs tu eſtimer, Royaulme d'Eſcoſſe! d'eſtre favorisè, nourry, entretenu, comme l'enfant en la mamelle du tres puiſſant et magnanime roy de France, le plus grand ſeigneur de tout le monde, et monarque futur de toute la machine ronde."

Defoe, who viſited Scotland for the purpoſe of cajolling the Scots, and writing in favour of the Union, has thus deſcribed both the country and its inhabitants:

> Firſt youngeſt ſiſter to the frozen zone,
> Battered by parent nature's conſtant frown,
> Adapt to hardſhips, and cut out for toil,
> The beſt-worſt climate, and the worſt-beſt ſoil.

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* Perlin Deſcription des Royaulmes d'Angleterre et d'Eſcoſſe. Paris, 1558. (London, 1775, reprinted.) P. 32.

The furious elements in vain contend;
Unmoved the mighty natural breaſtworks ſtand:
Their awful heights in threatening grandeur ſhine,
Emblems of mightier hearts of ſtone within:
The inſtructing rocks invincible and ſtrong,
Deſcribe the race that to theſe rocks belong;
And bid the quick retreating waves declare,
And warn the world againſt a northern war:
Tell them the hopes of conqueſt muſt be vain,
When hands of ſteel ſhall rocks of flint maintain.
The thirſts of honour generous minds bewitch,
And danger tempts the brave, as gold the rich.

In ſpite of coward cold, the race is brave;
In action daring, and in council grave:
Their haughty ſouls in danger always grow;
No man durſt lead them, where they durſt not go—
Fierce when reſolved, and fixed as bars of braſs;
And conqueſt through their blood can only paſs.

No battle where they fought was ever loſt——— *.

P. 159. v. 40. In the collection intitled "Certayne Matters," &c. 1597, it is ſaid, "In Schetland the iſles called Thule, at the time when the ſunne enters the ſign of Cancer, for the ſpace of twenty dayes there appears no night at all." Defoe likewiſe alludes to the lingering of the ſun-beams on the hills of Shetland in the following paſſage:

Phœnician ſailors, wiſe in ignorance,
That dreamed of Thule, yet afraid to advance,

* Defoe's Caledonia, Edin. 1706.

Thy lengthened ſun, with uncouth joy, ſurvey,
And vainly dreamed it led to bright eternal day *.

P. 159. v. 54. According to Martin, the Iſland of Lewis is ſo called from *Leog*, which in the Iriſh language ſignifies, *water lying on the ſurface of the ground;* "which is very proper to this iſland, becauſe of the great number of freſh-water lakes that abound in it." By the iſlanders it is commonly denominated, *The long iſland;* which appellation comprehends Uiſt and Harris, as well as Lewis proper.

P. 159. v. 58. In "Certayne Matters," it is ſaid, that in a haven of Arran there is ſuch abundance of fiſh, that if more be caught than ſerves their daily conſumption, the natives throw them into the ſea as into a "ſtanke."

P. 159. v. 62. Seafort Bay is not Seaforth on the continent, whence the Earl of Seaforth derives his title; but Loch Seafort, which divides Lewis from Harris, and which Martin mentions as the beſt harbour on the ſouth ſide of the Long Iſland, which, like the other coaſts and bays of the Long Iſland, abounds in cod, ling, and herring, and whales which frequently interrupt the fiſhermen. In the collection intitled "Certayne Matters," &c. 1597, this iſland is celebrated as the reſort of whales.

P. 165. v. 204. "In the ſouth of Scotland, eſpe-

* Peſce's Caledonia, p. 6.

cially in the countries adjacent to England, there is a dog of marvellous natu.., called the Suth-hound; becauſe, when as he is certified by wordes of arte ſpoken by his maſter, what goodes are ſtolne, whether horſe, ſheepe, or neat, immediatly he addreſſeth him ſuthly to the ſent, and followeth with great impetuoſitie, through all kinde of grounde and water, by as many ambages as the theeves have uſed, till he attaine to their place of reſidence: by the benefit of the which dog, the goodes are recovered. But now, of late, he is called by a new popular name, the Slouth-hound: Becauſe, when as the people doe live in ſlouth and idleneſſe, and neither by themſelves, or by the office of a good herd, or by the ſtrength of a good houſe, they do preſerve their goods from the incurſion of theeves and robbers, then have they recourſe to the dog, for reparation of their ſlouth *.

The ſlouth hound is frequently mentioned in Barber's, Bruce, and Henry's Wallace. The latter, B. v. ſays,

A ſlouth-hound is of Gelder land.

Annandale, formerly Anandirdale, is ſtill pronounced Annerdale by the peaſants, and is probably the Ennerdale of the "Gallant Grahams." Here the blood-hound was uſed to a late period. The memory of the incurſions of the Annandale and Liddiſdale borderers is ſtill preſerved, not only in the Scotiſh and Engliſh border diſ-

* Certayne Matters, &c. 1597.

tricts, but even in the interior of Scotland. I have been informed by perſons of good authority in Lothian, that they recollected to have heard in their infancy different ſongs which celebrated the proweſs of the men of Lothian in repulſing the Scotiſh borderers. It is probable, however, that theſe rude lays have been ſuffered to elude the graſp of tradition.

P. 166. v. 207. The properties of a good "Grehounde," are thus ſtated by Lady Juliana Berners, in her "Booke of Huntyng." "A grehound ſhuld be hodded like a ſnake, and necked like a drake; foted like a catte, tailed lyke a ratte; ſyded like a breme, and chined like a beme. The firſt yere he muſt lerne to feed; the ſecond yere to feeld him lede; the thirde he is felow lyke; the fourth yere he is none lyke; the fifth he is goode inough; the ſixth yere he ſhall holde the plough; the ſeventh yere he wyll awayle, great bytches for to aſſayle; the eigth yere lyikladdel; the ninth yere cartſadel; and when he is comen to that yere, have him to the tannere; for the beſte hounde that ever bytche had, at the ninth yere he is ful bad."

P. 167. v. 251. The ſuperſtitious belief of *inviſible* hunting ſeems to have prevailed in every country where the barons, or feudal chiefs, were much addicted to this amuſement. The traditions of Germany are full of it; and there are even ſome traces of it in France. The legendary hiſtory of Leſley of Monymuſk, has preſerved the following tradition concerning a mountain haunted by it, on the Eaſt coaſt of Scotland:

" Les Fidelés cependant examinoient quel lieu ils pourroient prendre pour depoſer cette precieuſe Relique. Ils firent choix d'une montagne où perſonne n'oſoit preſque approcher, a raiſon que depuis long-temps, juſque au jour qu'on y porta le corps du Pere Archange, on y avoit toujours entendu le bruit d'un train de chaſſe. Il ſembloit qu'il y eût d'un côte une meute de chiens que l'on entendoit japer, et que de l'autre on entendoit des hommes crier, et des chevaux courir la poſte, ſans que la vûë y ait jamais rien pû appercevoir. Néanmoins la foi que les Catholiques avoient aux merites de ce grand Serviteur de Dieu leur donna aſſez d'aſſurance d'y monter; et ayant-là creuſé un foſſé aſſez profond, ils y depoſerent ce riche treſor *," &c.

The traditions of Man mention a ſimilar hunting, which they attribute to the fairies; and Waldron relates a ſtory concerning it: A Manks ſailor returning from a long voyage, was ſet on ſhore at Douglas. " It happened to be a fine moonlight night, and very dry, being a ſmall froſt. He therefore forebore going into any houſe to refreſh himſelf, but made the beſt of his way to the houſe of a ſiſter he had at Kirk Merlugh. As he was going over a pretty high mountain, he heard the noiſe of horſes, the bellow of a huntſman, and the fineſt horn in the world. He was a little ſurpriſed that any body

* Le Capucin Ecoſſois, Rouen 1700; or, The Legendary Hiſtory of George Leſley of Monymuſk, denominated Father Archangel; tranſlated from the Italian of the Archbiſhop of Termo into French by Francis Clyfſton, p. 333 and 334.

purſued thoſe kinds of ſport in the night; but he had not time for much reflection before they all paſſed by him, ſo near that he was able to count what number there was of them, which he ſaid was thirteen, and that they were all dreſt in green, and gallantly mounted. He was ſo well pleaſed with the ſight, that he would gladly have followed, could he have kept pace with them. He croſſed the foot-way, however, that he might ſee them again, which he did more than once, and loſt not the ſound of the horn for ſome miles." P. 133. When the ſailor reached the houſe of his ſiſter, he related his ſtory, when ſhe told him they were fairies, and that it was well they did not take him away with them. The Manks think ſuch huntings frequent in their iſland, and imagine the fairies too proud to ride on Manks horſes, preferring Engliſh and Iriſh ones.

A ſimilar ſuperſtition occurs in the ancient *Romance of Orfeo and Heurodis*. Orfeo, after the loſs of his wife, retires to a deſart, where it is ſaid,

> He might ſee him beſides,
> Oft in hot undertides,
> The king of Fairy, and his rout,
> Come to hunt him all about;
> With dim cry, and blowing,
> And hounds alſo with him barking;
> And no beaſt they no nome,
> No never he nist whither they be come *.

* Romance of Orfeo and Heurodis, MS.

In popular ſuperſtition, noontide was almoſt as dangerous as midnight, for falling under the influence of ſpirits. In the Celtic mythology, the ſhades of the dead are repreſented as purſuing the chace on their native hills. "The children of youth," ſays Oſſian, "purſue deer formed of clouds, and bend their airy bow: They ſtill love the ſport of their youth, and mount the wind with joy *." The ſuperſtition ſtill exiſts in the Weſt Highlands; and the editor has heard ſome traditionary Gaelic verſes repeated, in which it was deſcribed. The wilds of Roſs were the ſcene of the great huntings of the potent Highland chiefs; and it is not impoſſible that the tradition of the Eaſt coaſt may have been originally derived from the Gaelic. The German ſuperſtition, adopted by Bürger in his *Wild Huntſman*, has ſome more terrible features, as it repreſents a mighty hunter himſelf purſued in the infernal chace. The German ſcholar will be pleaſed to ſee the original of Bürger; to which I have ſubjoined my friend Mr. Scott's ſpirited but free tranſlation.

Es flimmt und flammt rund um ihn her,
Mit grüner, blauer, rother glut;
Es wallt um ihn ein feüermeer;
Darinnen wimmelt höllenbrut,
Iach fahren tauſend höllenhunde
Laut angehetzt, empor vom ſchlunde.

Er rafft ſich auf durch wald und feld,
Und flieht lautheulend weh und ach;

* The War of Inis-Thona.

Doch durch die ganze weite welt
Rauſcht bellend ihm die hölle nach,
Bei tag tief durch der erde klüfte,
Um mitternacht hoch durch die lüfte.

Im nacken bleibt ſein antlitz ſtehn,
So raſch die flucht ihn vorwärts reiſzt.
Er muſs die ungeheuer ſehn,
Laut angehetzt vom böſen geiſt,
Muſs ſehn das knirrſchen und das jappen
Der rachen, welche nach ihm ſchnappen.—

Das iſt des wilden heeres jagd,
Die bis zum jüngſten tage währt,
Und oft dem wüſtling noch bei nacht
Zu ſchreck und graus vorüberfährt.
Das könnte, muſzt' er ſonſt nicht ſchweigen,
Wohl manches jägers mund bezeugen *.

The earth is rocked, it quakes, it rends;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with ſulphureous flames, aſcend
The miſbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghaſtly huntſman next aroſe
Well may I gueſs, but dare not tell:
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His ſteed the ſwarthy hue of hell.

The wildgrave flies o'er buſh and thorn,
With many a ſhriek of helpleſs woe;
Behind him hound, and horſe, and horn,
And hark away, and holla, ho!

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* Bürger's Gedichte, p. 100, 101, Vol. II.

With wild deſpair's reverted eye,
Cloſe, cloſe behind he marks the throng
With bloody fangs, and eager cry,
In frantic fear he ſcours along.

Still ſhall the dreadful chace endure
Till time itſelf ſhall have an end;
By day earth's tortured womb they ſcour,
At midnight's witching hour aſcend.

This is the horn, and hound and horſe
That oft the lated peaſant hears:
Appalled he ſigns the frequent croſs,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful prieſt oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight maſs he hears
The infernal cry of *holla, ho* * !

It appears from Heywood, that about the beginning of the 17th century, thoſe who affected ſkill in necromancy were fond of aſſuming the character of aerial huntſmen.

We read of one in Creucemacon dwelling,
In this preſtigious kinde of arte excelling,
Who by ſuch ſpirits help, could in the aire
Appeare an huntſman, and there chaſe the hare,
With a full packe of dogs †.——

P. 169. v. 279. Corbrecho is the whirlpool Corrivrekin, concerning which I find the following account in

* Scott's tranſlation of Bürger's Chace, p. 17.

† Heywood's Hierarchie of the Bleſſed Angells, 1635, p. 514.

" Certayne Matters," &c. " The tyde of the ſea betwixt this iſle (Scarba) and Jura is ſo violent, that it is not poſſible to paſs it, eyther by ſayle or ayre, except at certayne times."

According to Martin, " this whirlpool yields an impetuous current, not to be matched any where about the iſle of Britain. The ſea begins to boil and ferment with the tide of flood, and reſembles the boiling of a pot; and then increaſes gradually, until it appear in many whirlpools, which form themſelves in a ſort of pyramids, and immediately after ſpout up as high as the maſt of a little veſſel, and at the ſame time make a loud report. Theſe white waves run two leagues with the wind before they break. The ſea continues to repeat theſe various motions from the beginning of the tide of flood, until it is more than half flood, and then it decreaſes gradually until it hath ebbed above half an hour, and continues to boil till it is within an hour of low water. This boiling of the ſea is not above a piſtol-ſhot diſtant from the coaſt of Scarba Iſle, where the white waves meet and ſpout up. They call it the *Kaillach*, i. e. an old hag; and they ſay, that when ſhe puts on her *Kerchief*, i. e. the whiteſt waves, it is then reckoned fatal to approach her. The gulf has its name from Brekan, ſaid to be ſon to the King of Denmark, who was drowned here, caſt aſhore on the north of Jurah, and buried in a cave, as appears from the ſtone tomb and altar there *."

* Martin's Deſcription of the Weſtern Iſles, p. 238.

P. 169. v. 280. Scianacha, the Gaelic name of Sky, ſignifies *the winged*, an epithet ſuppoſed to have been derived from the name of its two northern promontories.

P. 169. v. 284. The iſlanders of Hirta are repreſented, in the hiſtorical collection 1597, as "rude in all kinde of craft, and moſt rude in religion." The Taiſh, or Second-ſight, prevailed more in this iſland than in any part of the highlands or iſles; and the ſeers were remarkable for ſeeing their own *wraiths*, or ominous ſpectres. Hirtha, or Hirta, according to Leſley, receives its appellation from *Hirth*, a ſpecies of ſheep only found in that iſland, which exceeded the goat in height, and the horns of which exceeded thoſe of the ox in length, while they equalled them in ſize *. Martin ſays, it ſignifies the Weſtern Iſle, and is ſimilar in import to Ierne or Erin.

P. 169. v. 286. Jura's double hill, is the mountainous double range near the centre of the iſland, which terminates in two peaks, termed *The Paps of Jura*, which, according to Martin, are very conſpicuous from all quarters of ſea and land in thoſe parts.

P. 169. v. 287. Mull is deſcribed in the hiſtorical collection 1597, as unpleaſant indeed, but not unfruitful.

P. 169. v. 288. Iſla was the reſidence of the kings, and afterwards of the lords of *The Iſles*, which in Gaelic are denominated Inch Gall, by a general appellation.

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* Leſlæus De Origine Scotorum, p. 35.

THE

DAY ESTIVAL;

A POEM.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

ALEXANDER HUME, author of "The Day Eſtival," was the ſecond ſon of Patrick, fifth Baron of Polwarth, from whom the family of Marchmont are deſcended. In the epiſtle to Dr. Moncrieff, royal phyſician, written about the 30th year of his age, he has mentioned ſome circumſtances of his early life. After reſiding four years in France, he returned to Scotland, and applied to the ſtudy of law for three years, when diſguſted with his profeſſion, he retired from the bar, and exchanged the application of the lawyer for the aſſiduity of the courtier.

When that I had employed my youth and pain,
Four years in France, and was returned again,
I longed to learn, and curious was to knaw,
The conſuetudes, the cuſtom, and the law,
Whereby our native ſoil was guide aright,
And juſtice done to every kind of wight:
To that effect three years, or near that ſpace,
I haunted moſt our higheſt pleading place,
And ſenate, where great cauſes reaſoned were;
My breaſt was bruiſed with leaning on the bar;
My buttons burſt, I partly ſpitted blood;
My gown was trailed and tramped where I ſtood:
My ears were deafed with macers' cries and din
Which procutors and parties called in:

I daily learned, but could not pleaſed be,
I ſaw ſuch things as pity was to ſee.——
To lead that kind of life, I wearied faſt;
In better hope I left it at the laſt;
And to the court I ſhortly me addreſt,
Believing well to chuſe it for the beſt;
But from the rocks of Cyclades, from hand,
I ſtruck into Charybdis' ſinking ſand——
But ſuch as ſhould it mend, let them lament;
I haunted court too long; now I repent.——
Theſe curſed times, this worſe than iron age,
Where virtue lurks, where vice doth reign and rage;
Where faith and love, where friendſhip is neglected,
Contagiouſly, with time, have me infected.
As others are, of force ſo mon I be;
How can I do, but as men do to me?
A true man ta'en with pirates on the ſea,
Is forced to take a part in piracy.——
True Damon's part to play, I would me bind;
But Pythia as kind yet can I never find.——
My heart is ſtone within and iron without;
With triple braſs my breaſt is ſet about.——
The line of love I have almoſt forget it,
For why, think I, to none I am addebted.

Retiring from the court, he entered into orders, and was appointed rector or miniſter of Logie, the names of eccleſiaſtical offices then floating between preſbytery and prelacy. If, as has been conjectured with ſome plauſibility, he was the author of the Invectives or *Flytings*, addreſſed to Montgomery under the ſignature of Polwart, theſe muſt have been compoſed while he retained the character of a courtier; and his diſguſt was probably completed by the ſuperior applauſe which his adverſary

received. Hume, in his poems, ſpeaks of the Scotch court with a conſiderable degree of aſperity, and inſinuates that he might be conſidered

> As he whom, in the court, few did regard,
> And got no gain thereby, nor no reward.

And he ſays expreſsly,

> I little gain deſerved, and leſs I gat.

On the other hand, the invectives of Montgomery againſt Polwart, had the honour of being quoted by the young monarch James VI. himſelf, in the "Rewlis and Cautelis of Scotis Poeſie." Montgomery, in one of his poems, triumphs on that poetical victory:

> ——I love the king,
> Whoſe highneſs laughed ſome time for to look
> How I chaſed *Polwart* from the chimney nook *.

Polwart appears, from the invective of Montgomery, to have been born in the Merſe; and it is certain that the name of Polwart is ſtill retained with that of Hume by the Marchmont family. Dempſter names the antagoniſt of Montgomery, Patrick Hume, and aſſerts that he derived the name of Polwart from his patrimonial eſtate. If Dempſter could be depended on, the name of Patrick would determine the author of the Invective to have been the elder brother of the miniſter of Logie; but the authority of Dempſter, who compoſed his work

* Montgomery's Poems, MS.

on Scotiſh authors in a foreign country, is by no means unerring; and Alexander our author admits, that in his youth he had practiſed a lighter kind of poetry than he afterwards cultivated. We are certain, however, that Alexander Hume publiſhed at Edinburgh, in 1599, his "HYMNES or SACRED SONGS, wherein the right uſe of poeſie may be eſpied: Whereunto are added, the experience of the author's youth, and certain precepts ſerving to the practice of ſanctification." The volume is dedicated "to the faithfull and vertuous Ladie Elizabeth Malvill, Ladie Cumrie," whom he celebrates for her poetry as well as for her piety. "I have ſeen," ſays he, "your compoſitions, ſo copious, ſo pregnant, ſo ſpiritual, that I doubt not but it is the gift of God in you." *Lady Culroſs' Dream*, one of theſe compoſitions, was long popular among the Scotiſh preſbyterians; and Armſtrong relates in his Eſſays that he recollected having heard it ſung by the peaſants to a plaintive air. The dedication is followed by an addreſs to the Scotiſh youth, in which he exhorts them to avoid "profane ſonnets and vain ballads of love, the fabulous feats of Palmerine, Amadis, and ſuch like reveries"; cautions them againſt the imitation of the profane ethnic poets either in phraſe or ſubſtance, and adviſes them to follow the example of Du Bartas, and his own. "Some time," ſays he, "I delighted in ſuch fantaſies myſelf, after the manner of riotous young men; and were not the Lord, in his mercy, pulled me aback, and wrought a great repentance in me, I had doubtleſs run forward and employed my time and ſtudy in that profane and un-

profitable exercise, to my own perdition." This address is dated December 9. 1594. His ideas concerning love poetry are exhibited in the following sonnet

ON LOVE.

Not lawful love, but lechery I lack;
Not women wife, but witless, I disdain:
Not constant truth, but trompery I detract;
Not innocence, but insolence profane:
Not blessed bands, but secret workings vain;
As Pyramus and Thisbe took on hand;
As Jason and Medea made their train;
As Demophon and foolish Phillis fand;
As Hercules at Iöle's command,
Which like a wife, for love, sat down to spin:
And finally, all folly I gainstand,
That may allure the heart to shame or sin:
Beware with vice, be not the cause of ill;
Syne speak, and sport, look, laugh, and love your fill.

This sonnet is less distinguished by poetical spirit, than by propriety of sentiment. The fire of chivalry was now evaporating in the extravagancies of romance and the vapid conceits of metaphysical love-poetry; and both of these were regarded by the presbyterians as inimical to their cause. The Catholic party had encouraged the representation of plays, masques, and every other species of amusement which could attract the populace, and draw their attention from religious innovation. The presbyterians dreaded this species of seduction, as producing religious indifference and preserving a relish for the pomp of Romish worship. Plays, and every species

of poetry, except religious, were proſcribed; popular ſongs were parodied, to inculcate religious doctrines; and of all the early Scotiſh poets of the 16th century, Lindſay was the only one who retained his popularity. A ſimilar proceſs ſeems to have been obſerved by the Catholics in England; for L. Ramſey mentions that it was their cuſtom to

> Exclude the ſcriptures, and bid them read the ſtory
> Of *Robinhood* and *Guy*, which was both tall and ſtout,
> And *Bevis of Southampton*, to ſeek the matter out.
>
> Suffer all ſlander againſt God and his truth,
> And praiſe the old faſhion in King Arthur's days,
> Of abbays and monaſteries how it is great ruth
> To have them plucked down, and ſo the eldeſt ſays;
> And how it was merry when Robinhood's plays
> Was in every town, the morrice, and the fool,
> The maypole and the drum, to bring the calf from ſchool,
>
> With Midge, Madge, and Marion, about the pole to dance,
> And Stephen, that tall ſtripling, to lead Volans dale,
> With roguing Gangweeke, a goodly remembrance,
> With banners all aflaunt, with cakes, cheeſe and ale,
> With beads in every hand, our prayers ſtood by tale:
> This was a merry world, talk among our meany,
> And then of good eggs ye might have twenty for a penny *.

The preſbyterians interdicted the peruſal of romances and love poems, with almoſt as great anxiety as the Catholics prohibited the uſe of the Scriptures. "Would thou intreat," ſays Hume to the Scotiſh

* L. Ramſey's Practice of the Divell, London.

youth; "Would thou intreat of prodigious miracles? Look the books of Geneſis and Exode, or the works of our Saviour, of the prophets and apoſtles. Would thou have a ſubject of valiant deeds of arms? Read the books of Joſua and the Judges, and of the kings of Iſrael and Judah. Would thou have ſtore of wiſe ſentences? Read the Proverbs and Eccleſiaſtes. Would thou have a ſubject of love? Look the Song of Songs; the love betwixt Chriſt and his church. Would thou rejoice or lament —praiſe or diſpraiſe—comfort or threaten—pray or uſe imprecation? Imitate the old Hebrew David in his Pſalms, as a pattern of all heavenly poeſy." The general ſucceſs of Hume, in the ſtyle of poetry which he adopted, will not render his example very attractive. He ſeems to have curbed his fancy aſſiduouſly, and to have forcibly confined his imagination to the common-place phraſeology of Calviniſm; a phraſeology which, however proper for the ſimplicity of theology, is extremely unfit for the purpoſes of poetry. The ſelection of deſcriptive images, and the fluency of verſification which he exhibits, are ſufficient to prevent him from being confounded with the Sternholds and Hopkins of the period in which he lived. Beſides the religious controverſies of that period, the civil diſſentions which agitated the country, may be enumerated among the cauſes which impeded the progreſs of Scotiſh poetry, and withered the laurels on the brows of her bards.

In different ages, different countries view,
And through its various periods time purſue;

In every age which generous ſpirits bore,
The muſe was cheriſhed, and had ſtrength to ſoar;
Diſturbed by civil tumult ſhe withdrew
From cities far, and lay concealed from view:
So the bright paſſion flower, in funſhine days,
Its varied colours to the light diſplays;
But when the blackening ſky pours down a ſtorm,
Cloſe folds its leaves, and hides its radiant form;
Nor can the careful floriſt then behold
Its purple luſtre, and its beams of gold *.

In preparing this poem for the preſs, the original edition of Hume's Poems has been collated with a MS. of the Wodrow collection, in the library of the Faculty of Advocates. The phraſeology of Hume is rather Engliſh than Scotiſh; and the orthography, which, at the period when our author lived, was extremely fluctuating and uncertain, has therefore been reduced to the modern ſtandard, except in the Scotiſh words and phraſes which he has adopted.

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* Welſted's Works, 1787, p. 74.

OF THE

DAY ESTIVAL;

A POEM.

O PERFECT light! which ſhed away
The darkneſs from the light,
And left one ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night.

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear;
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes
The ſhining ſun is clear.

The ſhadow of the earth anone
Removes and drawis by;
Syne in the Eaſt, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer ſky:

Which ſoon perceives the little larks,
The lapwing and the ſnipe;
And tunes their ſongs, like nature's clerks,
Our meadow, moor, and ſtripe.

But every bold nocturnal beaſt
No longer may abide;
They hie away, both moſt and leaſt,
Themſelves in hows to hide.

They dread the day from they it ſee,
And from the ſight of men,
To ſeats and covers faſt they flee,
And lions to their den.

Our hemiſphere is poliſhed clean,
And lightened more and more;
While every thing be clearly ſeen
Which ſeemed dim before;

Except the gliſtering aſters bright,
Which all the night were clear,
Offuſked with a greater light,
No longer does appear.

The golden globe incontinent
Sets up his ſhining head,
And over the earth and firmament
Diſplays his beams abreade.

For joy the birds, with boldin throats,
Againſt his viſage ſheen,
Takes up their kindly muſic-notes
In woods and gardens green:

Upbraids the careful huſbandman,
His corns and vines to ſee;
And every timeous artiſan
In booth works merrily.

The paſtor quits his ſlothful ſleep,
And paſſes forth with ſpeed,
His little camow-noſed ſheep,
And rowting kye to feed.

The paſſenger, from perils ſure,
Gangs gladly forth the way;
Brief, every living creature
Takes comfort of the day.

The ſubtile motty rayons light
At rifts they are inwonne;
The glancing thaines and vitre bright
Reſplends againſt the ſun.

The dew upon the tender crops,
Like pearls white and round,
Or like to melted ſilver drops,
Refreſhes all the ground.

The misty rock, the clouds of rain
From tops of mountains skails;
Clear are the highest hills, and plain;
The vapour takes the vales.

Begaried is the sapphire pend
With sprangs of scarlet hue,
And preciously, from end to end,
Damasked white and blue.

The ample heaven, of fabric sure,
In clearness does surpass
The chrystal and the silver pure,
Or clearest polished glass.

The time so tranquill is and still,
That no where shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples great and small
That balmy leaf do bear,
Nor they were painted on a wall
No more they move or stir.

Calm is the deep and purpour sea,
Yea smoother nor the sand;
The wallis, that weltering wont to be,
Are stable like the land.

So ſilent is the ceſſile air,
That every cry and call,
The hills and dales, the foreſt fair,
Again repeats them all.

The rivers freſh, the callour ſtreams,
O'er rocks can ſoftly rin;
The water clear, like cryſtal ſtreams,
And makes a pleaſant din.

The fields, and earthly ſuperfice,
With verdure green is ſpread,
And naturally, but artifice,
In party-colours clad.

The flouriſhes and fragrant flowers,
Through Phœbus' foſtering heat,
Refreſhed with dew and ſilver ſhowers,
Caſt up an odour ſweet.

The clogged buſy bumming bees,
That never thinks to drown,
On flowers and flouriſhes of trees
Collects their liquor brown.

The ſun, moſt like a ſpeedy poſt,
With ardent courſe aſcends;
The beauty of the heavenly hoſt
Up to our zenith tends.

Not guided by no Phaëton,
Nor trained in a chair;
But by the high and holy One
Whilk does all where impyre.

The burning beams down from his face
So fervently can beat,
That man and beaſt now ſeeks a place
To ſave them from the heat.

The breathleſs flocks draws to the ſhade,
And freſhure of the fold;
The ſtartling nolt, as they were mad,
Run to the river cold.

The herds beneath ſome leafy tree,
Amid the flowers they lie;
The ſtable ſhips upon the ſea
Tends up their ſails to dry.

The hart, the hind, the fallow deer,
Are tapiſhed at their reſt;
The fowls, and birds that made the bir,
Prepares their pretty neſt.

The rayons dures deſcending down,
All kindles in a gleed;
In cottage nor in borrows town
May none ſet forth their head.

Back from the blue paymented whin,
And from each plaſter wall,
The hot reflecting of the ſun
Inflames the air and all.

The labourers that timely roſe,
All weary, faint and weak,
For heat, down to their houſes goes,
Noon-meate and ſleep to take.

The callour wind in caves is ſought,
Mens brothing breaſts to cool;
The water cold and clear is brought,
And ſallads ſteept in ule.

Some plucks the honey plumbs and pear,
The cherry and the peſch;
Some likes the reamand London beer,
Their body to refreſh.

Forth of their ſkeps ſome raging bees
Lies out, and will not caſt;
Some other ſwarmes hives on the trees,
In knots together faſt

The korbies and the kekling kaes
May ſcarce the heat abide;

Hawks prunyies on the ſunny braes,
And wedders back and ſide.

With gilded eyes, and open wings,
The cock his courage ſhows;
With claps of joy his breaſt he dings,
And twenty times he crows.

The dove, with whiſtling wings ſo blue,
The winds can faſt collect;
Her purple pens turns many a hue,
Againſt the ſun direct.

Now noon is went, gone is mid-day,
The heat does ſlack at laſt;
The ſun deſcends down weſt away,
From three of clock be paſt.

A little cool of breathing wind
Now ſoftly can ariſe;
The works through heat that lay behind,
Now men may enterpriſe.

Forth paires the flocks to ſeek their food,
On every hill and plain;
Each labourer as he thinkis good,
Steps to his turn again.

The rayons of the ſun we ſee
Diminiſh in their ſtrength;
The ſhade of every tower and tree
Extended is in length.

Great is the calm, for every where
The wind is ſittin down;
The reik throws upright in the air,
From every tower and town.

There firdowning, the bony birds
In banks they do begin;
With pipes of reeds the jolly herds
Holds up the merry din.

The mavis and the philomen,
The ſtirling whiſtles loud;
The cuſhats on the branches green
Full quietly they croud.

The gloming comes, the day is ſpent,
The ſun goes out of ſight;
And painted is the Occident
With purpour ſanguine bright.

The ſcarlet nor the golden thread,
Who would their beauty try,

Are nothing like the colour red,
And beauty of the ſky.

Our weſt horizon circular,
From time the ſun be ſet,
Is all with rubies, as it were,
Or roſes red, o'erfret.

What pleaſure were to walk and ſee,
Endlong a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

The ſalmon out of crooves and creels
Up hauled into ſkouts;
The bells and circles on the weills,
Through louping of the trouts.

O then it were a ſeemly thing,
While all is ſtill and calme,
The praiſe of God to play and ſing
With cornet and with ſhalme.

But now the herds, with many ſhout,
Calls other by their name,
"Go, billie, turn our good about,
Now time is to go hame."

With belly full, the beaſts belive
Are turned from the corn,
Which ſoberly they homeward drive,
With pipe and lilting horn.

Through all the land great is the gild
Of ruſtic folk that cry,
Of bleating ſheep, fra they be filled,
Of calves and routing ky.

All labourers draw home at even,
And can to other ſay,
" Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Which ſent this ſummer day."

NOTES.

P. 201. The ſtrictures of Hume on the faſhionable literature of the 16th century, preſent us with a curious picture of the manners of that period, which frequently united in the ſame perſon the two extremes of rigour of principles, and laxity of conduct. But it was not in the Scotiſh Lowlands alone, that the votaries of religion condemned with aſperity thoſe who betrayed a fondneſs for romances and amatory poetry. It is curious, that about the ſame period, a ſimilar ſyſtem prevailed in the Highlands of Scotland. John Carſwell, Biſhop of the Iſles, in his Preface to his "FOIRM NA NURRNUIDHEADH," or FORMS OF PRAYER, 1567, declaims vehemently againſt the Gaelic *literati* of that age, for being more addicted to their native poetry, than to theological inveſtigations. Having been favoured, by the politeneſs of his Grace the Duke of Argyle, with the uſe of the only complete copy of this work known to exiſt, the editor is enabled to preſent the public with a correct ſpecimen of the firſt book printed in the Gaelic language. For the accurate verſion ſubjoined to the original, he begs leave to acknowledge his obligation to the Rev. James Macdonald, miniſter of Anſtruther-Weſter, Fife. Having

liad occaſion, in the courſe of his illuſtrations, to allude frequently to the Gaelic traditions and poetry, it is with peculiar ſatisfaction that he exhibits the following curious citation to the public; a citation which demonſtrates undeniably, that the Gaelic was a language written, taught, and cultivated by compoſition, about the middle of the 16th century; that independent of the prieſts, or religious inſtructors, there exiſted a diſtinct order or profeſſion of Bards, Hiſtorians, and Teachers, whoſe occupation it was to preſerve their national poetry, hiſtory, and traditions; who were no ſtrangers to the literature of that period; and who were held in eſtimation, and well rewarded for their labours. It alſo appears, that they were in poſſeſſion of manuſcripts in the Gaelic language, and that the popular compoſitions of that period, among other ſubjects, related to Fingal and his heroes. This accords exactly with the teſtimony of Boethius, about the beginning of the ſame century, who compares the popular poems concerning the adventures of Fin Mac Coul to the romances of King Arthur. It is probable, that when Celtic antiquities are more accurately inveſtigated, many heroes will be found to be common to the Welch and the Gael. King Arthur is well known in Gaelic tradition; and the editors of the Myvyrian Archaiology of Wales, have diſcovered in their poetry, the name of Cuchullin, the Gaelic hero.

" Acht at a ni cheana is mor an leathtrom agas an uireaſbhuidh ata riamh orainde gaoidhil alban & eireand, tar an gcuid eile don domhan, gan ar gcanamhna gaoidh-

eilge do chur agcló riamh mar ataid ag canamhna & adteangtha féin agcló ag gach vile chinel dhaoine oile ſa domhan, & ata vireaſbhuidh is mó iná gach vireaſbuidh oraind, gan an Biobla naomhtha do bheith agcló gaoidheilge againd, marta ſé agcló laidne agas bherla agas ingach teangaidh eile oſin amach, agas fós gan ſeanchus ar ſean no ar ſindſear do bheith mar an gceedna agcló againd riamh, acht ge tá cuid eigin do tſeanchus ghaoidheal alban agas eireand ſgriobhtha aleabhruibh lámh, agas adtamhlorgaibh fileadh & ollamhan, agas aſleachtaibh ſuadh. Is mor tſaothair ſin re ſgriobhadh do laimh, ag ſechain an neithe buailtear ſa chló araibriſge agas ar aithghiorra bhios gach én ni dhá mhed da chriochnughadh leis. Agas is mor an doille agas andorchadas peacaidh agas aineolais agas indtleachta do lucht deachtaidh agas ſgriobhtha agas chumhdaigh na gaoidheilge, gurab mó is mían léo agas gurab mó ghnathuidheas ſiad eachtradha dimhaoineacha buaidheartha bregacha ſaoghalta do cumadh ar thuathaibh dédhanond agas ar mhacaibh mileadh agas arna curadhaibh agas ſhind mhac cumhaill gona ſhianaibh agas ar mhóran eile nach airbhim agas nach indiſim and ſo do chumhdach, agas do choimhleaſughagh, do choind luadhuidheachta dimhaoinigh an traoghail dſaghail doibhſéin, ína briathra diſle Dé agas ſlighthe foirfe na firinde do ſgriobhadh, agas do dheachtadh, agas do chumhdach. Oir is andſa leis an tſaoghal an bhreg go mor iná anfhirinde, da dhearbhadh gurab fiór an abruim dobh eirid daóine ſaoghalta ceandach ar an mbreig agas ni hail léo an fhirinde do chluiſdin an aiſgidh. Cuid mhor eilé dar nainbfios agas dar naineolas an drongſa

adubhramar romhaind, dith teagaifg fhirindigh oraind, agas leabhar maith neoch do thuigfedis cách go coitcheand as am briathruibh féin, agas as adteangaidh ghnathaidh ghaoideilge.

Acht chena do fhofgail Dia na nuile chumhacht, agas Rí nan dul & na nárchaingeal róid agas flighthe fuaithenta & doirfi dhúine anois, da chur ag ceill dúinn go bfuil ceadaighthe againd an fgriobhtuir diadha do léghadh agas do thuigfin agas do chur ag ceill do na poibleachaibh. Agas fós go bfuill foirm agas bridh na nurrnaidheadh agas modh freafdail na Sacramuinteadh & foirceadal an chreidimh Crifdaidhe arna chur aneagar dúinn o na braithreachaibh crifdaidhe dobhí fa chathraidh dara comhainm Geneua. Acht ata ní cheana dabfaicind duine éigin do thaobh ghaoidheal Alban no Eireand, do ghebhadh do láimh an uireadfa do chuidiughadh do dhenamh re heagluis Dé, an leabhar beagfa do chur ag canamhain ghaoidilge afad tuigfedis cach é, do badh maith lium é. Agas ni rachaind féin afeilbh an tfaothairfe do dhenamh. Agas onach bfuaras fin, & mátá fé and nach aithnidh dhamhfa é fós, do ghabhas féin do laimh ar grádh Dé agas na heagluife meifneach is mó ina mhac faind, agas mo chumhachta do dhenamh. In dochas go gcuideochadh Dhia lium im uireafbhuidh agas im aineolas.

Acht cheana. Saoilim fós nach bfuil imarcaidh no eafbhuidh andfo acht mar tá fé agcló na laidne & anghaillberla. Acht mura bfuil vireabhuidh no imarcaidh and do reir dheachtaidh no cheirt na bfileadh ar an ngaoidheilg. An ní ar nach bfuil feidhm no foghnamh agan fgribhtuir dhiadha air, agas is tearc neach aga bfuil

ceart canamhna na gaoidheilge, agas ni Nalbain amhain acht An eirind féin acht mara bfuil ſé ag beagan daois ealadhna mhaith re dán agas re ſeanchus agas ag mèid eigin do mhacaibh maithe leighind agas ar na adhbhraſin da bfaghadh faói re healadhain locht ſgriobhtha no deachtaidh ſa leabhar bheagſa, gabhadh ſe mo leithſgelſa, óir ni dhearrna mé ſaothar ná foghluim ſa ngaoidheilg, acht amhain mar gach nduine don pobal choitcheand. Acht cheana do gheibhid na daoithe, agas na bromanaigh lochta imarcacha is na neithibh bhios gan locht gan vireaſbhuigh & leigidh ſiad an égoir tharrſa gan an locht bhios go follas indte dfaicſin. Agas ni hád ſa cho ir bhios anlocht adeiridſean do bheith indte acht iondtaſan féin ar an adhbharſin ni ghebha mé cumairce na buidhne ſin, acht ge lionmhar iád, agas ni dhena mé cothughadh lé hainbfios do reir mo thoile no mo mhiana féin, agas ni mó do bhéra mé tarcaiſne no toibheim do neach oile ne ghebhas tnuth no formad mhé ris da ndenadh ſé ni is fearr iná mar ta im chumhachtaibh féin do dhenamh: óir atáim ag admhail go bfuil ſin ſodhenta, acht cheana madhail lé dia ſo do dhenamh maitheaſa no tarbha don eagluis, agas miſe do mharthain, do dhena mé tuilleadh ſaothair do chur na dhiadh ſo. Diá na nuile chumhacht do deonughadh a ſbiraidi naomhta féin dúinne agas daoibhſe abhraithreacha agas atſeathracha inmhuine, agas dar dteagaſg do dhénamh a thoile diadhaſun, agas dar ſeachna ar anemhthoil do dhenamh, tré impidhe, agas tré fhuraileamh Criſd ar dtighearna agas ar náon Tſlanaighthoir agas ar naon aidhne agas agas naon teachtaire.

Biodh amhlaidh.

But we Gaels of Scotland and Ireland ſuffer peculiar loſs and inconvenience above any other part of the world, in not having our literature and language printed, as other tribes of men have: And we ſuffer a greater than all other loſſes, in not having the Holy Bible printed in the Gaelic, as it is printed in Latin, Engliſh, and many other tongues. And beſides, we have never had, in print, the hiſtory of antiquity, or of our anceſtors, although a certain portion of the literature of the Gaels of Scotland and Ireland exiſts in manuſcripts, in the poſſeſſion of Bards and Teachers, and their Patrons.

Great is the labour of writing by the hand, in compariſon of printing, which ſhortens, and ſpeedily finiſhes whatever is done by it, however great. And great is the blindneſs and ſinful darkneſs, and ignorance and perverſeneſs of thoſe who teach, and write and compoſe in Gaelic, in exhibiting much more attention, and ſhowing more anxiety to preſerve the vain, extravagant, falſe, and worldly hiſtories of the Tuath-de-Danans and Mileſians, and of the heroes of * Fingal, the ſon of Cumhail, of the Fingalians, and of many others, which I ſhall not here mention nor name, nor attempt to examine; for the purpoſe of obtaining the vain rewards of the world for themſelves, than they diſplay to write, and to teach, and to compoſe the ſincere words of God, and the perfect

* Often called Finn, or Fionn, according to the verſe or taſte of the author.

way of truth: For the world loves falſehood more than the truth; and as a proof of it, worldly ſinful men will pay for falſehood, and will not liſten to the truth, though they have it for nothing.

A great portion of the darkneſs and ignorance of ſuch perſons, ariſes, too, from the foreſaid truths not being taught in good books, underſtood by all who ſpeak the general language, or habitual Gaelic tongue.

Already has the God of all power, and King of mercies, and of archangels, opened to us a path to the everlaſting ways, by revealing that we are permitted to read and to enforce the Holy Scriptures among all people. And in like manner, the forms and ſubſtance of prayers, the diſpenſation of the ſacraments, and the confeſſion of the Chriſtian religion, are tranſmitted to us by our Chriſtian brethren of the church (chair) called Geneva. But, with regard to the Gaels of Scotland and Ireland, certain perſons have wiſhed the good office to the church of God of tranſlating this little book into the Gaelic language, underſtood by the people, to be undertaken for their uſe; a circumſtance which I rejoiced at. I myſelf could have wiſhed not to have attempted the performance of this labour; but ſince it has not been done, as far as is conſiſtent with my knowledge, I have undertaken, out of love to God and the church, a taſk which requires ſo much courage, and have exerted myſelf in it to the utmoſt, in hopes that God would aſſiſt me in my deficiency and ignorance. I am alſo of opinion, that there is no eſſential error or defect here, but what is in the Latin or Engliſh

print; unleſs there be ſome want or error in the opinion of thoſe who are learned in the Gaelic; a thing not of material conſequence with reſpect to the Holy Scriptures. And rare is the man who knows the true orthography of the Gaelic, not in Scotland only, but in Ireland alſo, unleſs it be found among a few excellent and eloquent bards, who attend to poetry and hiſtory, and a certain part of the diſtinguiſhed men of learning. And on this account, if a learned man find errors in the writing or diction of this little book, let him excuſe me, for I do not arrogate to myſelf a more comprehenſive acquaintance with the Gaelic than is poſſeſſed by the common run of the people. Thoſe bards and learned men, however, find many errors in things without error or deficiency; and they commit the injuſtice of paſſing over, without notice, the real faults that occur. The errors too mentioned by theſe people, exiſt not in the work, but in themſelves; and on this account, I ſhall not procure the aſſiſtance of that ſet, however numerous they may be; and neither ſhall I contend with them ignorantly, according to my own will or paſſions; and neither ſhall I give inſult or offence to any other perſon, nor feel ſpite or envy, though he may ſucceed much better than I have been able to do; for I confeſs that this is very poſſible. But if it pleaſe God that this ſhall prove advantageous to the church, and that I be ſpared, I ſhall, after this, beſtow more labour and add to it. May almighty God grant his holy Spirit to us, and to you, brethren and elect; and may we be taught to do his will, and to avoid what he forbids, through the mediation and ſufferings of Chriſt, our Lord

and only Saviour, and our only knowledge, and our only meſſenger.

So be it.

This curious work, the FOIRM NA NURRNUIDHEADH itſelf, conſiſts chiefly of a Gaelic verſion of Knox's Scotiſh liturgy, adapted in ſome circumſtances to the peculiar manners of the Highlanders, as in the form of prayer intended to be uſed by the iſlanders at ſea, which is quoted by Martin in his Deſcription of the Weſtern Iſles, p. 127. It is inſcribed to Archibald the 5th Earl of Argyle, Lord High Chancellor, and Lord Privy Seal of Scotland. From its extreme rarity, the work would deſerve to be reprinted for the uſe of the curious, as exhibiting an authentic document of the ſtate of the Gaelic language in Scotland about the middle of the 16th century. The editor flatters himſelf, however, that it will not be conſidered as averſe to the object of this publication, to exhibit ſome of the moſt curious paſſages. The Addreſs of Carſwell to his Book is curious, as it exhibits a ſpecimen of Gaelic verſification, the numbers of which are the ſame that are employed in many of the Oſſianic fragments. The Legitimate Apology, as he terms it, gives an account of the proceſs obſerved in editing the firſt book publiſhed in the Gaelic language.

" Adhmad Beag And ſo do rinde. M. Séon C rſuel.
Do chum an leabhair bhig ſe féin.

Gluais romhad al eabhrain bhig,

go húan duibhne rig ad réim.
Chomhluath is fhuicfeas tú an cló,
Na áras dó foirbhidh fén.
Na dhiaidh fin fiubhail gach tír,
Ar fhud Alban go mín mall.
Acht ort onach bfuil ab feidhm,
Na tabhair céim in gort gall.
Da éis fin taifdil gach tond,
Go crích Eireand na bfond bfial.
Ge beag ar na bbraithribh thú,
Gluais ar amharc a fúl fiar.
Gach feancha gan feanchus faóbh,
Gach fear dáno nar aomh brég.
Cumand eadrad agas iad,
A leabhrain bhig biadh go hég.
Gach neach do ghradhaigh an chóir,
Do tfiol adhaimh roimh ni guais.
Aca fin dena do nid,
Romhad aleabhrain bhig gluais.
Glvais."

A Little Addreſs, compoſed by Mr. John Carſwell, to this ſame little Book.

Move forward, little book,
Viſit every man in your turn:
As ſoon as you reach the printing preſs,
Let not your journey ſtop there.
After that, traverſe every country
In Albion's land, mild and ſlow.

But as they need you not,
Make no ſtep towards the Lowlanders.
Afterwards, overcome every wave
To the boundaries of Ireland's hoſpitable ſoil.
Although the brethren hold you in little eſteem,
Move over the viſion of their averted eyes,
Every hiſtorian without pious lore,
Every bard who hates not his lies;
Keep conſtantly between you and them,
O little book, the diſtinction of (life and) death.
But every man who loves juſtice
Of Adam's ſeed, do not deſpiſe:
With ſuch perſons fix your dwelling (neſt).
Little book move forward.
Move.

" Atá a ſhios agamſa, go ndénaid daóine cúirialta édtroma, ſgige agas fochuidmheadh, agas fanamhad fan tſaótharm beag ſa, ar ſon gan ſnas fileadh do bheith ar na briathraibh, agas gan chruás do bheith iſna foclaibh, agas ma tá vireaſbhuidh ſhocloracht no chearta ſcribhtha, nó litre aninadh litre ſa leabharſa, ní hingnadh ſin do bheith amhluidh, ar ſon nach raibhe én ſhocal gaoidhelce ag fear bhuailte an chló, acht do thuairim no do bharamhail an cló do chur fiós. Agas atá fós a dheirbhſhios agam, go ndénaid na Papanaigh, agas go ſpecialta na ſean Tſagairt ſcaiteacha, ſgeth afcandaile am adhaigh féin, agas gurab míchlu, agas maſla mó luaidhidheacht vathadh

arſon mhoibre, gedheadh nimeſde ſin, agas adeirim do réir póil, da ndenaind toil na ndaóine nachar ſhearbhonta díleas do Chriofd mé, agas fós ni meſte an ſhìrinde na daóithe dá dimoladh, agas mur tá ruún agam cuidiughadh les na Crioſtaidhibh ſimplidhe ghébhas mo dheaghthoil lé gean maith, agas nach gcuireand mhuireaſbhadha an athais oram, mar ſin don taoibh cile budh fadogh fúm, cáineadh na pápanach dom bhrofnughadh. do tfiór labhairt, agas do tfiór ſcriobhadh na fírinde, agas do tfiór nochtadh a nurchoideſean ar fad mo bheathadh go himlan, óir ní dheachaidh fáith nó eaſbal no Mac De féin as, gan toibheim dfaghail ó na ſagartaibh, agas ó naimhdibh na fírinde, gedheadh rugadar buaidh lé fóighide, tré chumhachtaibh Dé, do naon dia ſhírindeach ſin ad tri pearſandaibh. 1. An Tathair trén trócaireach, agas an Mac maiſeach mírbhuileach, agas an Sbioradneartmhar náomh, biodh gach vile orraim onóir agas ard ghlóir anois & a ſaoghal na ſaoghal. Amen.

Do Criochnvigheadh an leabhrán beag ſo, lé Heaſbug Indſeadh gall, an. 24. lá do Mhí Aprile ſa ſeachtmhadh bliadhain tar thrí fithid agas ar chuig céd, agas Mhíle bliadháin dandaladh ar Dtighearna Ioſa Crioſd. Sa gcuigeadh bliadháin tar ſhíthid do Ríghe na Rioghna ro chumhachtaighe Marie Banrighan na Halban.

Gras Dé is na thós atámuid ni ránuic ſé fós finid.

Do bvaileadh ſo agclo an Dunedin le Roibeart Lekprevik, 24. Aprilis, 1567.

Legitimate Apology.

I am very ſure that men of ingenuity and levity, will ſneer, and ridicule, and treat with contempt this little work, becauſe poetical neatneſs is wanting to the expreſſions, and preciſion to the ſingle words: And if there is a deficiency in the orthography or arrangement, or ſome letters ſubſtituted in place of others in this book, we need not be ſurpriſed, for the man who printed the book had not one word of Gaelic, but printed as his fancy chanced to direct him. And well do I know that the Papiſts eſpecially, and above all, the old ſatirical prieſts, will vomit malice againſt me, and that my work will procure me, from them, only ſcandal and reproach: But notwithſtanding, I am not the worſe of that; and I ſay with Paul, If I do the will of men, I am no faithful ſervant of Chriſt. And ſurely the truth is not injured by the diſpraiſe of the unjuſt; and as I am reſolved to aſſiſt the plain Chriſtians who receive my good-will with gratitude, and will not reproach me with my defects; ſo, on the other hand, it is far from my wiſh to provoke abuſe from the Papiſts, in honeſtly ſpeaking and writing the truth, and eſtabliſhing its authority during the whole courſe of my life: For neither prophet nor apoſtle, nor the Son of God himſelf, eſcaped the abuſe of the prieſts and enemies of the truth; and yet the victory was obtained by patience through the power of God. To that one true God in three Perſons, the Father, powerful, merciful; and the Son, beauteous, miraculous; and the Spirit, ſtrong, holy; be all ſuperiority,

honour, and high glory, now and through eternity. Amen.

This little book was finiſhed by the Biſhop of the Iſles on the 24th day of April, in the year of Chriſt 1567, in the 25th year of the reign of the moſt potent Queen Mary of Scotland.

The grace of God was with it from the firſt, and brought it to a concluſion.

This was printed at Edinburgh by Robert Lekprevik, 24th April 1567.

In editing theſe curious paſſages, no other freedom has been uſed with the original, than ſeparating or uniting the words, which were improperly divided or joined by the ignorance of the printer. It is curious, that in Lekprevik's title-page, Dunedin, or Edinburgh, is alſo denominated Dun Monaidh, or the City in the moors.

The following account of Biſhop Carſwell is extracted from Keith:

"John Carſwell, chaplain to the Earl of Argile, rector of Kilmartine, and miniſter of the New Reformation, and ſuperintendant of Argile and the Iſles (he had the title alſo of dean of the chapel royal at Stirling; *Keith's Hiſt. App.* p. 188.), was preſented by Queen Mary to the biſhopric of the Iſles, March 24. 1566 (Pr. Seal), and to the abbay of Icolumkill. The words of the

preſentation are worthy of a place here: "Per præſentes facimus, conſtituimus, et creamus dictum Magiſtrum Joannem, epiſcopum dicti epiſcopatus inſularum, et abbatem dictæ abbatiæ de Ycolumkill——ſimili modo, et adeo libere in omnibus reſpectibus, cauſis, et conditionibus, ac ſi dictus Magiſter Joannes, ad dictum epiſcopatum et abaciam in curia Romana provideretur (Pr. Seal)." All this proviſion has no doubt been with a view that he might dilapidate the temporality to the family of Argyle. He was cenſured by the General Aſſembly for aſſiſting at the Queen's Parliament, anno 1567. He was dead before the 20th of September 1572. (Regiſter of Gifts, Penſions *, &c.") The memory of Carſwell is ſtill preſerved, in Lorn, by tradition, eſpecially in the vicinity of Carnaſſery Caſtle, in the pariſh of Kilmartin, where he chiefly reſided. It is by no means popular. The bards, whom he affected to deſpiſe, made him the ſubject of their ſatirical verſes and invectives, ſome of which are ſtill preſerved. Many proverbs expreſſive of his rapacity and niggardlineſs are ſtill current in that country.

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* Keith's Catalogue of Scots Biſhops, p. 175.

POEMS

BY

WILLIAM FOWLER.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

Of William Fowler, a writer of amatory verſes, and one of the poets who frequented the court of James VI. before his acceſſion to the throne of England, ſcarcely any facts are known. In 1627, two MS. volumes of his poems were preſented by Drummond of Hawthornden to the Library of Edinburgh College, where they are ſtill preſerved. One of theſe, *in quarto*, intitled, "The Tarantula of Love," conſiſts of ſonnets in the manner of Petrarch: the other, *in folio*, is a tranſlation of the Triumphs of Petrarch. In the title to this volume, Fowler is deſignated, "P. of Hawicke," by which, I imagine, Parſon is intended. As Fowler, however, has always been an uncommon name in Teviotdale, it is not certain that he was a native of that diſtrict. The dedication of his "Triumphs of Petrarke," to Jean Fleming, Lady Thirlſtaine, the wife of Chancellor Maitland, is dated from Edinburgh, December 17. 1587. From the panegyrical ſonnet prefixed to the volume by Robert Hudſon, Fowler appears then to have been a young man:

I ſaw, once, all the Muſes, in my thought,
With poets als, bedecked with ſcarlet gowns;
Before, with ſacred troop Mercurius brought
A youth, upon whoſe face was yet but downs,

There ſaw I them preſent him laurel crowns,
And with the reſt the Tuſcan Petrarch came;
Who ſaid—" My ſon receive theſe right renowns,
As he who duly doth deſerve the fame.
But more triumphant haſt thou made thy name
Upon the throne of memory to ſtand,
To chuſe for patron ſuch a worthy dame,
Who only is the Laura of this land."
Then Fowler's laud ſo loud I heard them ſound,
That through the world his praiſe ſhall ay rebound.

At this period, Fowler appears to have been a great favourite at court. He prefixed a panegyrical ſonnet to THE FURIES, a compoſition of James VI. who has performed a ſimilar office for Fowler's TRIUMPHS OF PETRARCH, in a ſtrain of verſification, which for vigour and fluency is vaſtly ſuperior to his common ſtyle, as the reader will perceive:

We find by proof, that into every age,
In Phœbus' art, ſome gliſtering ſtar did ſhine,
Who worthy ſcholars to the Muſes ſage,
Full-filled their countries with their works divine:
So Homer was a ſounding trumpet fine,
Amongſt the Grecks into his learned days;
So Virgil was among the Romans ſyne,
A ſprite ſublimed, a pillar of their praiſe;
So lofty Petrarch his renown did blaze,
In tongue Italic, in a ſugared ſtyle;
And to the circled ſkies his name did raiſe:
For he by poems that he did compile,
Led in triumph Love, Chaſteneſs, Death, and Fame;
But thou triumphs o'er Petrarch's proper name.

Beſides James himſelf, ſeveral of the poets who frequented the Scotiſh court at that period, as Th. Hudſon, R. Cockburn, and A. Colville, prefixed to this work, ſonnets in praiſe of the tranſlator, in which he is not only preferred to the ancients, but to the French Ronſard and Du Bartas, and the Engliſh Surry. I imagine, THE TRIUMPHS OF PETRARCH are alluded to with diſapprobation, by Hume of Logie in his Sonnet on Amatory Poetry, p. 199.; for all the names of heroes and heroines, whoſe paſſion he ridicules, occur in the following verſes of the Triumph of Love:

He that is next is Hercules,
That martial man ſo bauld;
By Dianire, and Iöle,
And Omphale made thrall'd.—

Here ſtandeth likewiſe Demophon,
With him does Phillis move,
Who for his ſtay, and long abode,
Did hang herſelf for love.

This Jaſon is, with him his dame
Medea, Ætes' child,
That followed him and Love alſo
Through towns and deſarts wild.——

See Pyramus and Thiſbe both
To ſtand the ſhadow by;
With Hero at the window, and
In ſeas Leander lie.

The ſtyle of Fowler is often quaint, affected, and full of antitheſis; while it exhibits much of the tinſel of Italian amatory poetry. In his TARANTULA OF LOVE, which

conſiſts of ſonnets, he is a ſtudious imitator of Petrarch, even in his moſt unnatural conceits. Sometimes, however, he aſpires to the praiſe of ſimple elegance; and he poſſeſſes a facility of verſification, and a harmony of numbers, which the beſt poets of that period were not always able to attain. The Scotiſh court of James VI. in the midſt of pedantry, ſcholaſtic jargon, and polemic theology, produced ſeveral poets by no means devoid of genius. Some poſſeſſed quaintneſs of wit, ſome eaſy verſification, and ſome the power of affecting the emotions of the heart; but the various talents of the poet were ſeldom concentrated in the ſame perſon. The rays of poetical light were refracted and divided among ſeveral poets. In Drummond alone were they united, and diſplayed the ſolar radiance of fancy. In the following ſpecimens of Fowler's poetry, the orthography has been reduced to the modern ſtandard, as his ſtyle exhibits little of the Scotiſh idiom. They have been chiefly ſelected for the purpoſe of illuſtrating his powers of deſcription.

FROM

THE TRIUMPHS OF PETRARCH.

THE GOD OF LOVE.

—THERE then I ſaw four courſers fair,
More white than any ſnaw,
A childiſh boy, and youngling raw,
In fiery chair to draw:

Who, in his hand, his bow did bear,
His arrows by his ſide,
As neither helmet nor yet targe
Their piercing ſhots can bide.

Above his ſhoulders, there were placed
Two flying feathered wings,
Embroidered with ten thouſand hues,
All bare in other things.

And round about him there did ſtand,
And round about his chair,
A number of ſuch mortal men,
That none can them declare.

Where of them ſome were priſoners
By him in battle ſlain;
Some pierced by his piercing darts,
And ſome by him lay ſlain—

BEAUTY.

—And truly in her beauty ſhe,
And in her port and pace,
And in her ſmiles and high diſdains,
And in her words and grace:

She in this ſort ſurpaſſes ſo,
Compared with other dames,
Even as the ſun the little ſparks
Exceedeth by his flames.

So fair appears her hair to be,
That they do ſeem of gold,
All ſhaking ſoftly by the wind,
Which does their treſs unfold.

Her eyes like heavenly lamps and lights
That ſo inflame my heart,
That through her grace I am content
That they increaſe my ſmart.—

THE ISLE OF LOVE.

—Beyond where that Egean ſea
Does ſigh and mourn ſo oft,
There lies an iſle delectable,
More pleaſant, plain, and ſoft,

Than any other iſle that is
Both wet and waſhed with ſea,
Or warmed with the ſunny beams,
Or yet inflamed be.

In midſt thereof there is a hill
Of ſhadow full and green,
With favour ſweet, and fragrant ſcent,
With water ſweet and clean;

Whoſe virtue is, and whoſe office,
To take out of the mind
All ſad and penſive blots and marks,
That has with grief it pined.

This is the land wherewith ſo much
Fair Venus is content,
Which conſecrat was to that queen,
That time, by men's conſent,

While as the truth was lying hid,
And veritie unknown,
And Chriſt his incarnation
Was not revealed nor known.

And yet albeit this day it be
Of virtue lean and bare,
Yet does it hold, and it retains
Some cuſtoms keeped there—.

There then triumphed over us
That ſovereign gentle lord,
And carried at his golden chair
There coupled in a cord.

Theſe whom he took in circling ſo
The world round about,
Even from the Indes to Thule iſle,
The weſtmoſt part without—.

There roſes gathered in that time
When winter's blaſt does boaſt ;
There ice even in the hotteſt days ;
At midſummer, there froſt.—

The valley where this triumph was
With murmurs did abound,

Of waters, brooks, of birds and fowls,
That gave a clamorous ſound:

Whoſe banks were all embroidered
With flowers of variant hue,
Some red, ſome green, and ſome again
Red, yellow, and ſome blue.

And there beſides, clear rivers from
So lively fountains ran,
Where then upon the cold freſh herbs
The ſun to ſhine began.

There alſo was a ſhadow thick
Of trees both high and fair,
Out of the which there did come out
A ſweet and breathing air.

And after, when the winter tide
Does make the ſeaſon cold,
Yet there the ſun ſo does his flames
Moſt temperately unfold;

And ſo does make the place and ground,
And meats, almoſt lew-warm,
That there an idleneſs all-ſlow,
Does ſimple hearts encharm.—

THE COMPANY OF CHASTITY.

—At that time was their enſenzie,
Within a field of green,
An ermine white departed was,
All lily white and clean :

Whoſe neck did bear a topaz chain,
Inſert with fineſt gold,
To witneſs well that purity
Which they did always hold.

No human pace nor earthly ſteps
Their walking was and trace,
But heavenly all, and all their words
Were full of heavenly grace.

O bleſt be theſe, well be theſe bleſt,
And happy thrice again,
That to ſuch deſtine creat be,
And ſuch good fate ſuſtain.

As twinkling ſtars they all appeared,
In midſt a ſun of light,
Decoring them even with thoſe beams,
Which dazzled not their ſight.

Their heads with garlands were bedecked
Of red incarnate roſe,
With violas of braweſt hues,
And flowers of braweſt choſe.

And as a noble gentle heart
Great glory does obtain,
So did this joyful company
With joy each footſtep trane.

CHASTITY.

She had that time upon her back
A glorious gown of white,
And in her hand that chryſtal targe
That wrought Meduſa ſpite.

And in the ſame a pillar was
Erect of jaſper ſtone,
Wherein a chain of diamonds
Were placed one by one;
And topaſes mixed in the midſt,
Which virtuous dames did uſe——

THE SHADE OF LAURA.

When that the ſweet and ſummer froſt
Was ſparpled by the air,
And while Aurora did begin
Again to earth repair,

That does deſpoil and take away,
Even by her wholeſome ſtreams,
The coverture and mantle broad
Of falſe confuſed dreams:

Even at that time, a lady fair
Did to my ſight appear,
Reſembling right in every point
The ſeaſon of the year.

She was bedecked with precious pearl
And crowned with orient ſtones;
Yea, crowned ſhe was with thouſand crowns
Of jewels braw, at once.

Who moving ſoftly in herſelf,
She towards me did walk,
And lovingly beſide my ſide
Did ſet her down to talk.

And ſtretching out her pleaſant hand,
That hand ſo long deſired,

She ſighing, ſpeaking, yield it forth,
And me to ſpeak required—

FAME.

—Than looking to me round about
Upon the growing graſs,
I quickly on the other part
Eſpied a dame to paſs;

And nearer me for to arrive,
Who draws men from their grave,
And from their tomb, though being dead,
In longer life does ſave:

And look'd how does the morning ſtar
At break of day appear,
And came from eaſt before the ſun
Within her purpled ſphere;

Who willingly does marrow her,
With all his light and flame:
So in ſuch ſort, and all alike,
Approached then the dame.

The extracts from THE TRIUMPHS of PETRARCH may be concluded by the following paſſage of THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE which alluded to the knights of chivalry:

—Behold that troop that fills with dreams
The papers on all fide :

Whofe works does make the vulgar fort
To read them, and require,
And vainly through their erring dreams,
So for them have defire.

Thefe are the wandering loving knights
Of Arthur's table round,
Whofe Geneure with her Lancelot,
With others, may be found.

As Triftan, with Ifota fair,
The king of Cornwall's wife,
And als that count of Aremine,
Who loft for love their life.

Lord Paul of Malateſta's houſe,
And Franchefcina fair,
In making moan, and ſad laments,
And wailing, marched there.

Thus as my friend and ſhadow ſpake,
I at that time did ſtand
Even as a man that is afraid
For ill that is at hand ;

And trembleth faſt before he hear
The trumpet ſhow his doom.

And feels his dolent death before
The fame by ſentence come:

So was my ſtate even at that time,
My face ſuch colour kept,
As one drawn forth even of his grave
Wherein he long had ſlept.

In another paſſage he alludes to the Twelve Paladins; and alſo aſks,

Where is he now, King Arthur, that
At table round did ſit?——

FROM

THE TARANTULA OF LOVE.

SONNET.

The day is done, the ſun doth als declyne;
Night now approaches, and the moon appears;
The twinkling ſtars in firmament do ſhine,
Deceiving with the pools their circled ſpheres:
The birds to neſts, wild beaſts to dens reteres;
The moving leaves unmoved now repoſe;
Dew drops do fall, the portraits of my tears;

The waves within the ſeas them calmly cloſe ;
To all things nature order does impoſe :
But not to love, that proudly doth me thrall,
Who all the days and nights, but change or choſe,
Stirs up the coals of fire unto my fall,
And ſows his briars and thorns within my heart,
The fruits whereof are double grief and ſmart.

SONNET.

Ten thouſand times from ſide to ſide I turn,
And, reſtleſs, roll as on a hedge of thorn ;
All thir cold nights I gaunt, I glow and burn,
I wiſh for day, yet languiſh while the morn ;
And thinking all that time I hear a horn,
Announcing that Aurora does appear
To glad my heart, by languor all forlorn,
And cloſed darkneſs of my eyes to clear ;
I make this verſe, but light and learn perquire,
Not knowing yet the ſequel of the ſame ;
Diſturbed with yowling hounds that hourly beir,
And cackling crows, that ſeems my pain proclaim ;
And cry of thee, whoſe beauty works my ſmart,
Ruth in thy eyes, and rigour in thy heart.

SONNET.

I walk within this wood to vent my woes,
Remembering all my griefs and endleſs groans;
While growing joys deep ſad conceits o'ergoes,
And loads my heart with love, my mind with moans.
The pleaſant ſinging birds my plaints expones;
My tears from ſprings and wells ſeem to deſcend;
Yea both the higheſt hills and hardeſt ſtones
If ear they have, an ear to me extend.
Then at the oaks and alders that perpend
My plaints, I ſpeir what way they will me feed,
If for to ſtay with them I condeſcend:
"On green," ſay they, for green does hope aye breed,
Which feeds the wretches, as by proof they prove,
And brings deſpairing ſouls ſome eaſe in love.

SONNET.

I hope, ſweet ſoul, to ſee, at my return,
The heavenly colour of your angel face,
Which is the fire and flame whereby I burn,
And never is impaired by time nor place.
Wherefore, ſhall als behold in me, this ſpace,
No other change but that of hair and hue:
As for my heart, which loves in pain, but peace,
Even as it was, ſo ſhall you find it, true.

But what ſhall I again in you review,
But rigours, froſts, denials and diſdains;
And in that face from which doth aye enſue
The ſtreaming courſe of my inceſſant pains,
A farther fairneſs, with a farther pride,
Which till my death, ſo long with thee muſt bide.

SONNET.

Far from theſe eyes, and ſundered from that face,
Which with alluring looks hath me o'erta'en,
I move unmoved, I change unchanged each place,
And thereby think to mitigate my pain.
And while I thusways from your ſight remain,
Remembering all the moments that are paſt,
Yea every hour that I have ſpent in vain,
In following you, where ye have fled as faſt;
Unto this dial horolage, at laſt,
I me compare, where love the needle is;
My heart the glaſs, which ſhows all grace is paſt,
The thread my thought, the ſhadow but a kiſs:
See me, who then would morning know by noon;
I am the dial, Sirs, and ſhe the ſun.

FINIS.

Printed by Mundell & Son, Edinburgh.

ERRATUM.—P. 123. l. 8. *for* covenanters, *read* anti-covenanters.